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19

Hymns

THE CHOIR

AND

THE ORATORY.



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THE CHOIR

AND

THE ORATORY;

OR

Praise and Prayer.

BY

JOSIAH CONDER.

"Hymns, the ritual of the heart."—p. 13.

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P R E F A C E.

TWELVE years have elapsed since I ventured to commit to the press a volume of sacred and domestic poems,* the occasional productions of my retired hours. Since then, literary tasks, some of a laborious description, have occupied me so incessantly as to leave few intervals for pursuits and studies the most in unison with my taste. These have still continued, however, to be my solace and recreation ; and the change of intellectual employment has often served instead of rest. The fruits of these more spontaneous labours have at length accumulated upon my hands, so as to tempt me to renew the dangerous experiment of publication. Yet, to this temptation I should scarcely have yielded, had not many of these compositions already appeared in a fugitive shape, (some having found their way into various Poetical Collections,) which renders it almost necessary to take this method of establishing the claims of authorship.

* "The Star in the East; with other Poems." London, 1824.

The title affixed to the Volume is intended to express the two-fold view with which the Poems have been composed; some being designed for the use of the Choir or Congregation, others for the devotional retirement of the Oratory. Among the former are several hymns written for the Congregational Hymn Book, and suggested by various subjects and occasions during the preparation of that volume for the press. Should they prove an acceptable addition to our Psalmody, my labours will be richly rewarded.

The greater part of the Volume, however, consists of pieces written with no immediate view to such a purpose, nor indeed to publication. The lyrical form given, with a few exceptions, to the poetical translations of the Psalms, will shew that in those compositions my object has been altogether different from that of the authors of most of our metrical versions, who have aimed at accommodating the Psalter to Christian worship. For many years, the study of the Book of Psalms has occupied such attention as I could give to it, under the cherished conviction, that it might be found practicable to exhibit the

poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures in the rich and varied measures of English versification, without compromising either the fidelity of a chaste translation or the simple majesty of the original. Hitherto, the writers who have attempted to illustrate the poetical beauty of the Psalms, have presented to us either a free imitation or a florid paraphrase. The variety of style and character observable in that part of the Sacred Volume designated as the Book of Psalms, has also been overlooked, although it is not less marked than the difference between the Proverbs and the Canticles; obviously requiring, in order to an adequate representation of the original, a varied form of translation. To some of these divine compositions, the rhythm and ~~mark~~ ^{character} of prose, of which our Public Version affords so matchless a specimen, are decidedly best adapted; while others are susceptible of all the grace and harmonious modulation of the richest verse. A metrical version of the exixth Psalm, for instance, (except for the purpose of psalmody,) were labour as absolutely misapplied as a versification of the Book of Proverbs. There are other Psalms which seem to fall so naturally into verse, and are felt by every one to be so characteristically poetical, that versions

which have little more to recommend them than cadence and rhyme, please, and are committed to memory. Among the latter class, again, there is every variety of poetical character.

Bishop Lowth considers about a sixth or seventh part of the Psalms as elegiac. Of the lyrical psalms, or odes, he distinguishes three species, of which the lxvth, the lxxxist, and the xxivth may be severally regarded as the type. The alphabetical or acrostic psalms are all didactic in their character ; while the historical psalms come under the description of “the *idyllium* or hymn.” Can any thing, then, be more improper than to employ the same metrical *modes* in attempting to adapt to the genius of English poetry, an elegiac complaint, an ode of triumph, a choral hallelujah, and an acrostic of axioms ? In original poetry, the metre is governed by the feeling of the writer, and expresses it. *Paradise Lost* could not have been composed in heroic couplets ; and how much of the charm of *The Fairy Queen* lies in the magnificent stanza !

* Psalm xlii. is cited as one of the most beautiful specimens of the Hebrew elegy.

But, by translators, metre has been apparently regarded as altogether arbitrary and inexpressive, or as a mere method of adapting words to a melody. Thus we find didactic psalms rendered in lyrical metres, and the sublimest odes given in an unbroken series of iambic couplets, the narrative measure of Gay and Scott.

A striking instance of the want of adaptation in the metre to the character of the composition, occurs in more than one version of the xxixth psalm, rendered in a jiggling anapæstic measure, the effect of which is almost that of travestie. Sandys, whose version of the Psalms discovers more true poetic feeling than any in the language, has rendered this sublime ode with spirit and energy in trochaic couplets ; one of the most beautiful of our lyric measures, and susceptible of wonderful variety of effect. Bishop Lowth's Translator has introduced a paraphrase in the same measure as Sandys's more faithful version, but overloaded with poetic finery. It has seemed to me, that no rhyming metre comports with the sublime abruptness, the verbal iterations which interlink the sentences, and (if I may be allowed the expression) the

recitative character of this sublime piece of descriptive poetry ; and that it is exactly suited to our blank verse. The terse and sweet flow of our trochaic measure has appeared more especially adapted to lyrical pieces of a mixed style, such as the lxvth, the xcist, and the cxxxiiird psalms.

I am aware that, by these remarks, I may seem to challenge criticism to my own attempts to do better justice to the structure and poetic spirit of these wonderful compositions. I can only say, that I have bestowed upon them the utmost thought and skill that I could command ; yet, I am very far from indulging a sanguine expectation that they will please or interest general readers. In dwelling upon the poetical features of these inspired compositions,—the qualities of beauty and sublimity which, apart from their inspiration, raise the poetry of the Hebrews above all Roman and all Grecian fame,—let me not be suspected of forgetting the higher character which belongs to them as the Oracles of God. The prophetic and the poetic inspiration were essentially different ; but, as Bishop Lowth remarks, “ they had one common name, one common origin, one common Author, the Holy Spirit.” Let it therefore be

allowed me, to raise my voice in behalf of the Hebrew Muse, the eldest-born of Poetry, the Sister of Prophecy, the hand-maid of Devotion; and to indulge the hope that my endeavours to illustrate the genuine character and poetic spirit of these Songs of Ancient Zion will not be deemed wholly unsuccessful.

The metrical versions of the Collects aspire to no other merit than that of a terse and faithful rendering of those ancient, and, for the most part, beautiful formulas of devotion. It is singular that they should have hitherto been almost entirely overlooked by our hymn-writers.

The Sonnet has not been often used, at least among ourselves, as a vehicle of devotional sentiment. Yet, Milton and Wordsworth have shewn how happily it may be adapted to the themes of sacred poetry. Some of the shorter psalms might, by competent skill, be turned into exquisite sonnets. I have made the experiment with two, the viiith and the cxivth; but, in the latter, I have found it impracticable to adhere to the rigid versification of the regular form. In the chain of Sonnets on the Apocalypse,

it has been my aim to present a bold and vivid outline of the contents of that mysterious Book, to illustrate the symbolic cipher of prophecy, and to furnish, in some sort, a key to the true historic interpretation. How far I have succeeded, the Biblical student will judge.

I do not anticipate that those portions of the volume upon which the most elaborate pains have been bestowed, will be the most attractive to the majority of even religious readers. The kind and courteous critic of my former volume in the *Quarterly Review*,* found fault with the “effort and constrained stateliness” in the principal poem, which seemed to him to contrast so remarkably with “the rapidity and simplicity of many of the shorter lyrics.” This was strange criticism to proceed from a writer who refers us to Spenser as pre-eminently the sacred poet of his country ; but I am well aware that the simple effusions of domestic affection and personal feeling, which appeal less to the cultivated taste than to the common sympathies of our nature, are the most likely to gain popularity. To a large class of poetical readers, the exclusively religious character of the

* *Quarterly Review*, No. lxiii.

present Volume will, doubtless, be repulsive ; while, to a considerable proportion of religious readers, the poems which are the product of the most serious and sustained effort of thought and skill, and which demand a corresponding effort of attention, will be unattractive. Nevertheless, I indulge the hope that, amid the variety presented, individuals of different tastes will find some pieces suited to their respective feelings ;—that, if the poetry be not in all cases deemed worthy of the theme, the theme may procure favour for the poetry ;—and, above all, that higher purposes than those of mere gratification, may be ministered to by the perusal.

“ But all is in HIs hand, whose praise I seek.”

The poems distinguished by an asterisk, some of which have already appeared, will be recognised as the productions of an “ Associate Minstrel,” who has made the poetry of my life.

WATFORD FIELD HOUSE,
Nov. 8, 1836.



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THE TONGUES OF EARTH.

“ And how hear we every man in our own tongue wherein we were born ? We do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.”—Acts ii. 8. 11.

WHEN shall every tribe have heard,
So proclaimed, the saving word ?
When, O when, in every tongue
Shall Jehovah's praise be sung ?

O thou ancient Syrian speech !
Once all nations thou couldst teach.
Pristine mother tongue of all
Who Our Father Abba call ;
Voice of oracles Divine ;
Vehicle of might benign,
When, as never mortal spoke,
Accents from the Saviour broke,
Which the deaf, the lifeless, heard ;—
Storms and demons owned his word.

Where is all thy vigour fled ?
Now, a whisper from the dead !
When, instinct with life again,
Shall thy pure and hallowed strain
Be articulate and strong,
'Mid the Church's general song ?
Who but Judah may aspire
To lead the many-voiced quire ?

Next, with classic graces deck'd,
Glorious Attic dialect,
Breathing of the honeyed clime,
Sweetest voice of elder Time ;
Vocal still in Homer's measures ;
Rich in all the Muse's treasures :
But still sweeter and more dear,
Though untuned to pedant's ear,
Blended with the phrase Divine
Of the speech of Palestine,—
Charged with all Apostles taught,
Glowing with inspired thought :

Long, too long thy voice has slept !
On that orient clime has crept
Darkness ; and barbaric sounds
Vex the Levant's hallowed bounds.
Who the soul of Greece shall wake ?
When shall Heaven's own morning break
On the native realms of light,
Long consign'd to Turkish night ?
Harp of Greece, wake up thy voice :
Bid thy many isles rejoice.
See the sinking Crescent fades,
'Mid the fast contracting shades.
Wake, but not as erst, to praise
Dian's beam or Phœbus' rays.
No, nor let the Virgin be
Queen of thine idolatry.
Let thine isle-bestudded sea,
Let thy grove-embosom'd hills,
Let thy mountains and thy rills,
Hear their Maker's praise once more
Echoed round from shore to shore,

And the Son of God alone
Be as Lord and Saviour known.

When, Oh when, in every tongue,
Shall Jehovah's praise be sung?
Libya's coast is silent now.
Church of Egypt, what art thou?
Long the vital spark has fled,
Mummy of the antique dead.
To the dead their burial give:
Who shall make these dry bones live?
Thebes, upon thy storied plain,
Guarding still his ruined fane,
Thy Titanic Memnon sits;
But no more his harp emits
Sounds that hail the rising day,
Kindled by the genial ray.
Yet, before that mount of stone
Shall be utterly o'erthrown,
On those dark though cloudless skies
Shall a brighter day-star rise.

Wakened from his stony trance,
By that heavenly radiance,
Memnon's harp shall breathe again ;
Nile shall hear the magic strain.
Then Osiris shall return ;
Then shall hideous Typhon learn
Meek submission at his voice,
And the desert shall rejoice.
From the Thebaid's savage glens,
Peopled graves and monkish dens,
Blind devotion's last retreats,—
From Kahira's motley streets,
From the Delta's teeming plains,
Shall be heard exultant strains :
Hallelujah ! Jesus reigns.

Now, alas ! with Allah's name,
His, Arabia's pride and shame,
Islam's turbaned priests proclaim.
Far that twilight faith has spread,
Moonlight on gross darkness shed.

Northward, far o'er Scythia's waste
By the snowy range embraced,
Till by denser gloom repelled,
Where, in passive dotage held,
Nations of the Outer East
Worship Buddha's idol priest.
Persia and her Turkish lord,
By the Ottoman abhorred,
(Quench'd the Magian's mystic flame,)
Swear by Ali's sainted name.
Allah's Lion! thou the field
To the Lamb of God shalt yield.
Miscalled phantom, thou shalt fade
To the shadow of a shade,
When on Persia's darkened skies
Bethlehem's Star once more shall rise.
Harp of Hafiz, long unstrung,
On the mournful willows hung,
Then shall every joyful chord
Swell the praises of the Lord.
Elam's mountain tribes shall hear;
The fierce Koord shall drop his spear,

And the wandering Turkman rude
Then forego his nation's feud.
Turk and Arab, Persian, Mede,
Bonded in one purer creed,
Shall, on Shinar's ancient plain,
Speak one common tongue again ;
Ishmael refuse no more
Judah's Offspring to adore ;
To the promised seed of Sem,
Yafet yield his diadem.
He must reign till at his feet
All the tribes of Earth shall meet.

Though not yet the saving word
All the tribes of Earth have heard,
One by one, to Truth subdued,
Dialects, polite or rude,
Are with slow reluctance taught
Utterance of inspired thought.

Greece was barbarous, Athens young,
Homer, Hesiod had not sung,

When in Cashmere's lofty plain
Brahma's sages held their reign.
Thence their sacred language flowed,
Boodha's lore and Menu's code.
Greece has had her glorious day ;
Rome, her greatness and decay ;
Light has visited the earth ;
Life Eternal has had birth ;
Darkness has that light displaced,
Death the faithless Church embraced ;
Mecca's locust cloud has spread
Penal barrenness and dread,
From the Ister's turbid course,
To where Ganges rolls her force.
Through that long and changeful past,
Spell-bound in the chains of caste,
India, still unchanged, untaught,
Calls on Ram or Juggernaut,
Or invokes with rite obscene
Seeva or his skull-decked queen.
But the light on India breaks :
Error's hideous fabric shakes ;

And the demons crouch before
That dread Name the heavens adore.
In his polished tongue revealed,
(Long to western knowledge sealed,)
The proud Brahmin now may read
Mysteries of a purer creed,
Which shall make the man of pride
Fling his cherished cord aside.
In the sacred Pali leaves,
Boodha's votary now receives
Truth his pulseless heart shall own,
Breathing life into the stone.
Lo ! a greater miracle !
China's mute enigmas tell
All the speaking Scriptures teach ;
While, proclaimed in living speech,
Her amphibious wanderers hear
Words of life. Though jealous fear
Close her ports, and guard her wall,
Truth must enter, Error fall
Prone before the Cross, and then
Her automata be men.

When, Oh when, in every tongue,
Shall Jehovah's praise be sung?
While the Earth is hush'd in sleep,
Morning wakes along the deep,
From the scattered tribes of Ocean,
New-taught strains of pure devotion.
O ye multitude of isles,
Basking under summer's smiles,
You have heard the heavenly voice
Bid your palmy shores rejoice.
Far as your soft idiom spreads
O'er the ocean's coral beds,
From Malaya to Peru,
Linking old worlds with the new,—
Northward to where Hawai-i
Rears her Etna from the sea,
Southward where her many bays
Zealand's triple isle displays,—
Let the Word of Truth and Grace
Moloch's horrid rites displace :
Till, subdued to Him, whose will

Waves obey and winds fulfil,
Frantic passions shall be still ;
Murderous wars and feuds shall cease ;
And those seas, when arts of peace
Ocean's wilder tribes shall tame,
Be pacific as their name.

Soon shall every tribe have heard
In their tongue the saving word.
East and West, and South and North,
Britain's heralds have gone forth :
Britain, whose imperial reign,
Like the globe-encircling main,
Borders, bounds, connects, controls
All the world between the poles :
Heart of commerce, power's true source,
Swaying by her moral force,
All within her intercourse.
Sceptred isle ; the ocean's throne ;
Jewel of his azure zone !
Fortress reared by Liberty,
Bound with the triumphant sea !

Blessed spot ! Truth's hallowed seat !
Once Religion's last retreat,
Till, again exiled, she made
Western worlds her home, and bade
Cities there to states arise :
Now, the banded colonies,
To a second England grown,
Call the New World half their own.
England ! name to me how dear !
Sweeter to my filial ear,
Thy rough flow, my mother tongue,
Than the softest vespers sung
To Adrian or Sicilian sea,
Or than Grecian euphony.
'Mid the dialects of earth
Youngest thou, of mingled birth,
From the old Teutonic race,
Wedded to the Roman grace ;
Schooled thy rude and vigorous youth
In the oracles of truth ;
Tuned to harmony sublime ;
Dowried with the wealth of time ;

To thine empire is assigned
The supremacy of mind.
Modern science, ancient lore,
Stamp their mintage on thine ore ;
For thy pliant phrase is wrought
Into every mould of thought ;
Copious rhetoric, wisdom terse,
Bacon's science, Milton's verse ;
All that sacred schools impart ;
Hymns, the ritual of the heart.
Shall this language ever die ?
No, commissioned from on high,
O'er both hemispheres its spread
Breathes new life into the dead ;—
Pours a stream of living light
O'er the realms of ancient night ;
Wakes the mute, and tunes the rude ;
Fills with joy the solitude,
Where to barbarous rites succeed
Britain's laws and Britain's creed.
O ye sons of Britain, raise
High as heaven your songs of praise.

Bid the earth, the sky, the main,
Echo back the joyful strain,
Till the slumbering nations round
Wake, and swell the choral sound.
In all languages proclaim
To all tribes the Saviour's name,
Till his universal sway
All dominions shall obey,
And in each accordant tongue,
Lamb of God, thy praise be sung !

JUBILATE.

PSALM C.

O BE joyful in the Lord,
 Every land beneath the sun.
 In his praise, with glad accord,
 Let all tongues and hearts be one :
 For our God is God alone ;
 Whose we are, and not our own.
 We, his people, are the sheep
 He vouchsafes to rule and keep.

Come and join the joyous throng
 Who Jehovah's praise proclaim :
 In his courts, with grateful song,
 Speak the honours of his name.
 Rich his bounty to our race ;
 Inexhaustible his grace ;
 Ready to forgive and bless ;
 Ever sure his faithfulness.

FOR ALL SOULS.

PRAY for all souls :—nor yet defer thy prayer
 Till to its great account the soul has fled.
This is the middle state which must prepare
 For heaven or hell. Pray for the living dead.

Pray for the heathen,—millions, millions held
 By this world's Prince in abject vassalage.
 Oh, when shall that gross darkness be dispelled
 By the bright morning of the heavenly age ?

Pray for Islām's proud slaves,—for Arab, Turk,
 And Persian,—blinded by a specious lie.
 Pray for the dupes of Satan's master-work,
 The pseudo Church's foul idolatry.

Pray for the dead who have a name to live,
 The Christian heathen, orthodox profane.
 Ask for thy brother life, and God will give
 The prayed-for boon, nor shall thy faith be vain.

He who made all men, bids thee pray for all.

Prayer moves Omnipotence : prayer puts in force
The promises of Heaven : its fervent call
Can make ev'n Nature change her wonted course.

This Golgotha of souls, this wide-spread death,
Shall one day yield to Christ a glorious host :
These dry bones shall inhale a quickening breath.
Oh for that all-reviving Pentecost !

Saints ! to your matins, for the morning breaks.
With prayer's full might the gates of hell assail.
Pray, for the citadel of darkness shakes ;
And He is with his Church who must prevail.

COLLECT.

MERCIFUL God, who hast all men created,
By whom no creature of thy hand is hated,
To whom the sinner's fate no joy can give,—
Thou wouldst that he should turn to Thee and live :
Have pity upon those who live in vain,—
Pagan, apostate, heretic, profane.
Scatter their ignorance ; their pride subdue ;
Convince the infidel, convert the Jew ;
Teach those to pray who once thy grace could mock ;
And so bring home these wanderers to thy flock,
That they may be with thine elect enrolled,
Under one Shepherd, Christ the Lord, one fold ;
Who, with the Father and the Spirit one,
Reigns evermore. So let thy will be done.

THE TRUE CHURCH.

ONE Church,—tho' bigots fight, and sceptics scorn
 To view the unholy strife ;
 The Church is one, the Church of the new-born,
 Who draw from Christ their life.
 One race from Adam sprung have peopled earth :
 The heirs of Heaven are one by second birth.

The clansman glories in the common name
 That binds him to his head,
 And each to all the stock. Oh, sin and shame !
 That Christians are so dead
 To the dear tie their sacred name implies,
 Which binds them to one Leader in the skies.

Diverse in feature, fortune, temper, hue,
 In robes or rags disguised,
 Yet to their Head were each in spirit true,
 As to one Lord baptized,

Then would they as one body feel allied,
And deem him brother for whom Christ has died.

Yet are they not one body ? Sceptic, learn ;
Divided as they be,
Still with one spirit all the pious burn ;
As one they bow the knee
To God in Christ ; one hope divine is theirs.
Oh, there is unity in good men's prayers.

Pascal and Beveridge, Leighton, Baxter, Howe,
But as one doctrine read ;
And varying sects, in common hymns, avow
Their harmony of creed.
From age to age, from church to church sent on,
The songs of Zion are in unison.

For the One Church is not the aggregate
Of churches or of sects ;
But of the faithful, those whose happy state
Each with the Head connects :

Oh, come the day when every sect shall fall,
And Christ, the living Head, be all in all !

COLLECT.

O GOD, whose grace has knit in one communion
The body mystical of Christ our Head ;
Grant us the grace to keep the Spirit's union ;
And so to follow all the blessed dead
In holy living, that we, too, may share
Their joys ineffable, the rich reward
Of those who love Thee, which the heavens prepare,
Through the redeeming grace of Christ Our Lord.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

“One Body, one Spirit.”—Eph. iv. 4—6.

FOLLOWERS of Christ, of every name,
 To Him by faith allied ;
 Brethren, admit a Brother's claim :
 For me, too, Jesus died.

'Tis the same human blood that warms
 Our veins, whate'er our hue :
 'Tis the same blessed Spirit forms
 These rebel hearts anew.

“Is Christ divided?” What can part
 The members from the Head ?
 Oh, how should those be one in heart,
 For whom One Saviour bled !

Bound to One Lord, by common vow,
 In one great enterprise ;—
 One faith, one hope, one centre now ;
 Our common home the skies ;—

Oh, let us undivided be ;—

Let party contests cease :

Nor break the Spirit's unity,

Nor burst the bond of peace.

Then shall the wondering world again

Admire how Christians love,

And know we do not bear in vain

His name who pleads above.

COLLECT.

GRANT, O Saviour, to our prayers,

That this changeful world's affairs,

Ordered by thy governance,

May so peaceably advance,

That thy Church with ardour due

May her proper work pursue,

In all godly quietness,

Thro' the Name we ever bless.

THE MONTHLY PRAYER-MEETING
FOR MISSIONS.

COME to the house of prayer. It is the night
 When, by a compact sweeter than command,
 Their mutual prayers, throughout this happy land,
 The scattered family of Christ unite.
 Nor here alone observed the simple rite,
 In western climes prolonged, by many a band
 In busy town, lone wild, or coral strand ;—
 Where'er the Gospel shines, a beacon light.
 Taught by one Spirit, all their prayers agree.
 This night, the self-exiled for Christ can dare
 Dwell on dear friends he ne'er again may see :
 The thought is balm, that on their hearts they bear
 His name while blending thus in harmony
 The vows of faith. Come to the house of prayer.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

IN SIX PARTS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

“ Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.”

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame :
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

Though estranged from Thee in heart,
Doubtless Thou our Father art :
From Thy hand our spirits came :
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known :
Nearer now, in Christ, our claim :
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

Born anew, Oh, may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal ;
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame :
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

Whether, then, in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same :
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

“ Thy kingdom come.”

Thee, my God, in ceaseless lays,
Heaven's seraphic orders praise :
Hosts unnumbered, worlds unknown,
Bow with joy before Thy throne.

On the errands of their King,
Myriads speed on lightning wing ;
And ten thousand legions stand,
Waiting the Divine command.

All those high angelic Powers,
Servants of their Lord and ours,
Prostrate at Thy footstool fall,
Holy, happy beings all.

And the spirits of the blest,
Who have entered into rest,
Through the grace of Him who died,
Waiting to be glorified ;—

They, with all the choirs above,
Perfected in holy love,
Never cease the joyful strain,
Praise to Him who once was slain.

Only Hell, and this dim spot,
Creatures hold who love Thee not :
Sin to death has given birth ;
Hell has seized and tainted Earth.

Oh, the wonders of that plan
Framed for saving fallen Man !

Death ! resign thy ransomed prey.
Earth ! receive a Saviour's sway.

Angels, strike your harps of gold :
Wide the eternal gates unfold :
Welcome back the long exiled :
Heaven and Earth are reconciled.

Thee, my God, in ceaseless lays,
Heaven's seraphic orders praise.
But the loudest anthems then,
Shall be those of ransomed men ;—

Of the millions who shall stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand ;—
This before the throne their strain :
Hell is vanquished ; Death is slain.

Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right :
Thrones and Powers before Him fall,
Lamb of God, and Lord of all.

Hasten, Lord, the promised hour :
Come, in glory and in power.
Still thy foes are unsubdued :
Nature sighs to be renewed.

Time has nearly reached its sum.
All things, with Thy bride, say, Come !
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore.

“ Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.”

Thou from whom all being sprang,
Thou on whom all creatures hang,
Thine eternal will must be
Nature's moral harmony.

That all-perfect law maintains
Holy bliss, where'er it reigns.

Happy all who so fulfil,
Willingly, their Maker's will.

By what dire mysterious force,
Swerving from their proper course,
Did created wills begin
Discord, misery, and sin ?

There are regions near thy throne
Where all evil is unknown.
Angels who excel in might,
Find thy service pure delight.

All those glorious hosts above
Do thy word on wings of love.
Each, in his assigned employ,
Finds a plenitude of joy.

Father of eternal grace,
Thou hast loved man's rebel race.
Let thy will, through Christ, thy Son,
As in heaven, on earth be done.

Here in vain Thy law is known,
Heard in thunder, graved on stone.
By Thy grace Thy will impart :
Write Thy law on every heart.

Let Thy reconciling word
By all tribes of men be heard.
Give the new creation birth :
Let Thy will be done on earth.

“ Give us day by day our daily bread.”

Day by day the manna fell :
Oh, to learn this lesson well !
Still, by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord ! my daily bread.

Day by day, the promise reads
Daily strength for daily needs.
Cast foreboding fears away :
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord ! my times are in Thy hand.
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give :
Day by day to Thee I live.
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

Fond ambition, whisper not :
Happy is my humble lot.
Anxious, busy cares, away :
I'm provided for to-day.

Oh to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer ;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued ;
Yet elate with gratitude !

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Father ! to Thy sinful child,
Though Thy law is reconciled,
By Thy pardoning grace I live :
Daily still I cry, Forgive.

Though my ransom-price He paid,
Upon whom my guilt was laid,
Humbly at Thy mercy-seat,
Full remission I entreat.

Lord ! forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay,
Duties I have left undone,
Evils I have failed to shun.

Trespasses in word and thought,
Deeds from evil motive wrought,
Cold ingratitude, distrust,
Thoughts unhallowed or unjust.

Pardon, Lord ! And are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes ?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

May I feel, beneath my wrongs,
Vengeance to the Lord belongs ;
Nor a worse requital dare,
Than the meek revenge of prayer.

Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return.
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

" And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Heavenly Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie !
Through the desert where I stray,
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail :

Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the Tempter's power.

Save me from his treacherous wiles :
Arm me against Pleasure's smiles.
Give me, for my spirit's health,
Neither poverty nor wealth.

Help Thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain ;
That his sole reproach may be,
Following Christ, and fearing Thee.

Lord, uphold me day by day ;
Shed a light upon my way ;
Guide me through perplexing snares ;
Care for me in all my cares.

All I ask for is—enough.
Only, when the way is rough,
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

Should Thy wisdom, Lord ! decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father ! glorify Thy name.

Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near :
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

AMEN.

Father of Spirits ! God of heaven !
All glory to Thy name be given.
Thy kingdom come. Let Earth fulfil,
As do the hosts of heaven, Thy will.

Supply our need : in Thee we live.
And as we mercy shew, forgive.
Preserve us, in temptation's hour,
From sin and every evil power.

For Thine is the dominion, Thine
All power and majesty divine.
Be Thine the glory, as before
All worlds, so now, and evermore.

THE ADVENT.

Nunc Dimittis.—Luke ii. 29—32.

UPON a world of guilt and night
The Morning-Star arose.
“Enough ! mine eyes have seen its light :
Now welcome death’s repose.”

Prophetic joy those words inspired,
When, in the Virgin’s Son,
Simeon beheld the long-desired,
And bless’d God’s Holy One.

“ Now lettest Thou thy servant, Lord !
In peace his soul resign.
These eyes, according to Thy word,
See Judah’s Day-Star shine.

“ The Light of Life, whose healing ray
Shall sin’s deep shades dispel ;
To Gentile lands salvation’s day ;
Thy Glory, Israel ! ”

Faith still beholds her risen Lord,
Though hid from mortal sight.
Shine forth, O Saviour ! in Thy word,
And fill the world with light.

COLLECT.

O God, who didst for man’s salvation
Thy Son to suffering give,
To make for sin propitiation,
And shew us how to live !
Grant that, most thankfully embracing
That grace so rich, so free,
We may, the Saviour’s footsteps tracing,
His faithful followers be,
Through Him who reigns with Thee.

FOUR SONNETS.

I.

“ But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour.”—Heb. ii. 9.

Psalm viii.

How excellent through all the earth Thy name,
O Lord ! Above the heavens Thy glories rise :
Yet, to confound and shame Thine enemies,
Thou makest infant tongues Thy praise proclaim.
When I survey the heavens, this goodly frame,
With moon and stars gemming the evening skies,
Lord ! what is man, that thou shouldst heed his cries,
Or stoop to this low world of sin and shame ?
Than angels only lower made, o'er all
That roam the earth, or creep, or on fleet pinion
Soar, or that cleave the seas, he had dominion ;
Lord of this beauteous world, till sin had birth.
The SECOND ADAM shall repair that fall.
How excellent, O Lord, Thy name through all the
earth !

II.

“And laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.”—Luke ii. 7.

No room for Judah's Daughter, David's Heir,
In their own city? There was greater dearth
Of loyal faith than room. That wondrous birth
Which the glad choirs of heaven in songs declare,
Mortals regard not. Room was none to spare,
Or in the crowded khan or halls of mirth,
For Him, the Prince of all the kings of earth!
The Holy Family a stable share!
There was no room upon Judea's throne:
The Idumean, Cæsar's vassal, reigned.
The LONG-EXPECTED came unto His own,
And to receive their King His own disdained.
Ah! such is still man's blind, ungrateful part;
There is no room for Christ within the heart.

III.

"Birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."—Luke ix. 58.

THE last bright glance of sunset sheds below
Its glory, and the roseate beams that spring
From the recess of light, in splendour bring
The sun's farewell ;—such messengers as throw
Open the gates of morn. All creatures know
The hour when woods their twilight shadows fling.
No more the swallow tracks her airy ring
Of light. The rook's dark phalanx homeward go.
The bee her cell hath found, or closed her wing
On scabious wild. Yea, every breathing thing,
Cradled in down, or silken web, or bed
Of woven leaf, or sheltered covert, lies :
All, save the Lord of air, and earth, and skies :
HE only had not where to lay his head.

IV.

She has wrought a good work on me....she is come aforehand to anoint
my body to the burying."—Mark xiv. 6—8.

THE costly nard of Indian wilds she brought,
And from the' unsealēd alabaster shed
Its perfume on that more than regal head,
Uncrowned save with its glory. Love thus sought,
In homage with prophetic import fraught,
Duly to tend that Guest so mild, so dread.
Its mystic meaning by her Lord was read :
"She did it for my burial, and hath wrought
A good work on me." Other duteous hands
In vain the sweet, embalming spices bore.
His form saw no corruption, owned no bands
In the sepulchral rock. The conflict sore
By Death's defeat fulfilled, the Victor stands,
With many crowns, a King for evermore.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—Matt. xi. 28.

OH comfort to the dreary !

Oh joy to the oppressed !

“Come unto me, ye weary,

And I will give you rest.”

Oh, come in all your weakness,

Ye sons of guilt and woe ;

And learn of Him with meekness,

Who stooped for us so low.

Ye slaves of servile error,

Wearied with fruitless pains,

Whose faith is doubt and terror,

Believe, and lose your chains.

Renounce the superstition,

To Christ's light yoke preferr'd,

And turn from vain tradition

To His redeeming word.

Ye who, in hall and college,
Have vainly toiled to find
The satisfying knowledge
That heals the aching mind ;
By ceaseless doubts molested,
Or lost in vain surmise ;
Come, of your pride divested,
And Christ will make you wise.

Ye who the world have courted,
And suffered from its spite ;
Ye who with sin have sported,
And felt its serpent-bite ;
Come, learn, your follies quitting,
That this world's gain is loss ;
To His mild rule submitting,
Who bore for you the Cross.

Oh, come and make the trial :
His service is release.
If hard the self-denial,
Its fruit is joy and peace.

His grace, your souls defending,
Shall nerve you for the strife ;
Peace all your steps attending ;
The prize, immortal life.

THE GOSPEL WELCOME.

“Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”—Rev. xxii. 17.

WELCOME, welcome ! sinner, hear.
Hang not back through shame or fear ;
Doubt not nor distrust the call ;
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

Welcome to the offered peace ;
Welcome, prisoner, to release.
Burst thy bonds : be saved, be free.
Rise and come : He calleth thee.

Welcome, weeping penitent :
Grace has made thy heart relent.
Welcome, long-estranged child :
God in Christ is reconciled.

Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount.
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.

All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest.
All is ready ; hear the call :
There is ample room for all.

None can come that shall not find,
Mercy called whom Grace inclined ;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word, Depart.

Oh the virtue of that price,
That redeeming sacrifice !
Come, ye bought, but not with gold,
Welcome to the sacred fold.

THE CROSS.

THE CROSS.

I.

“ God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.” “ Be ye reconciled to God.”—2 Cor. v. 19, 20.

MYSTERIOUS ambassage ! Be reconciled,
Man, to thy Maker : to thy God return,
Poor, ruined wanderer, nor thy Saviour spurn,
Who woos thy stubborn heart in terms so mild.
Yield to his love, and be again a child.

Humbly accept what thou couldst never earn.
Look to THE CROSS, and there thy guilt discern ;
And in that fountain wash thy soul defiled.
Only believe and love.—Distasteful creed !

More harsh than harshest lore of Stoic school,
Carthusian penance, or Franciscan rule,
To man's proud heart ; and terms that far exceed
His reach, until he knows himself a fool,
Accepts the boon, and finds it grace indeed.

II.

“Not this man, but Barabbas.”—John xviii. 40.

“Not this man, but Barabbas.” Dreadful choice !

Yet, such is man, and such is man's free-will ;

Ever to proffered good preferring ill !

That shameful cry was fallen Nature's voice.

The world will love its own ; and men rejoice

In the bold chief and lawless hero still,

And mock the saint ; and persecute and kill

Those whose pure life their darkened sense annoys.

Whom does the sinner serve, his yoke accurst


Preferring to the Saviour's service mild ?

Father of lies, a murderer from the first,—

So is the tyrant he has chosen styled ;

The best of Lords deserting for the worst !

O Grace that can transform the rebel to a child !




III.

“ Behold your King!”—John xix. 14.

“ To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.”—Luke xxiii. 43.

“ BEHOLD your King!” Look, ye to whom He gave
Your sight : and ye whose ears he opened, hear !
Ye healed ones, His royal train, draw near,
And whom his voice remanded from the grave.
What ! are all silent, while his murderers rave
Against the Prince of Life ?—struck dumb with fear,
Or guiltier shame ? And this the brutal jeer :
“ Others He saved ; Himself He cannot save.”
Infinite love ! He cannot :—’tis the price
Of man’s redemption. Yet, Almighty power
Beams from His Cross ; and while the flames devour
The flesh of that self-offered Sacrifice,
The conscious Godhead speaks :—“ This very hour
Thou shalt be with thy Lord in Paradise.”



IV.

“ Woman, behold thy Son ! ” . . . “ Behold thy Mother ! ” — John xix. 26, 27.

Nor the contempt of the blind Pharisee,
The mockery of the sensual and the proud ;
Not the perverseness of the fickle crowd,
Nor the rude soldier's heartless ribaldry ;—
Not these the bitterest anguish caused to Thee,
Most loving Lord ! But, to be disavowed
By coward fear with imprecations loud,
By all deserted,—this was agony.
O Love Divine, that did not then withdraw,
Dying for treacherous friends and murderous foes !
Mindful of others only, 'mid the throes
Of torturing death ! For from the cross he saw
That weeping groupe, and spake : “ Thou faithful one,
Behold thy Mother—Mother, lo ! thy Son ! ” ✓

V.

“ And the Scripture was fulfilled which saith : And He was numbered with the transgressors.”—Mark xv. 28.

“ For He hath made Him who knew no sin to be sin for us.”—2 Cor. v. 21.

O JUSTICE ! where art thou ? Is this thy law ?

That One who never sinned in word or deed

Should be adjudged as guilty, and should bleed

Upon a murderer's cross ? How couldst thou draw

On Him thy sword, whose life was without flaw,

Or suffer Death his warrant to exceed,

Where sin was not, sin's penalty and meed

Inflicting, while the heavens astonished saw ?

“ My sword was drawn, my arm was raised to smite

To endless pain, the guilty ; but the blow

Mercy so turned aside, and made it light

Upon that Spotless Innocence : 'twas She

Who caused that Victim's sacred blood to flow,

Unbarred the gates of Death, and set his captives free.’

VI.

“ And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? ” — Matt. xxvii. 46.

“ The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me. ” — John xiv. 30.

“ WHY, O my God, hast Thou forsaken me ? ”

Mysterious groanings of the Lamb of God !

Oh whence arose that plaint ? As though the rod
Of penal Justice then might seem to be
Raised against Heaven's Incarnate Purity !

Alone He bore our guilt's o'erwhelming load,
And realized its doom. Hell's dark abode
Lay open : He that yawning gulf could see.
And this world's Prince came in that darkened hour,
To try with desperate malice once again
Temptation's utmost force, 'mid torturing pain,
Upon the Blessed Spoiler of his power ;
But found in Him no guilt, no flaw, no stain.
That Cross his malice foils ; that death subverts his reign.

VII.

“Jesus.....that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith : I thirst.”

John xix. 28.

HE who had changed the water into wine,
Exclaims, “I thirst.” What cup of nectar sweet,
Tendered by duteous zeal, were offering meet
To Him, the Fount of Life, the Living Vine?
Saviour of Men, what cupbearers were Thine!
They raised a sponge with vinegar replete :—
Did the rude soldiers thus in mockery treat
The Crucified, or with humane design?
He had refused the medicated cup.
Meekly He now the proffered draught receives;
For so it was foretold. Thus draining up
The cup that might not pass from Him, He leaves
No drop of wrath. But, of the wine He gives,
Who thirsts may drink; and whoso drinketh, lives.

VIII.

“It is finished.”—John xix. 30.

’Tis finished ;—every circumstance fulfilled ;

The conflict o’er ; the sacrifice complete.

So He laid down His life, and went to meet
Death in his own domain :—not till He willed,
Yielding His breath ; self-offered, but not killed.

That voice of power, it spoke of Hell’s defeat ;

It rent the veil before the mercy-seat ;

Through the dark regions of the dead it thrilled :—
Earth trembled ; and the solid rocks were rent ;

The Grave its Victor, its Invader, knew.

No need of costly balms, with fond intent

That which saw no corruption to imbue.

Go, seal the stone, and all approach prevent.—

He burst the bands of death, and Heaven’s gate open
threw.

IX.

"Truly, this was the Son of God."—Matt. xxvii. 54.


"INNOCENT blood I basely have betrayed,"
Exclaimed the wretched Traitor, conscience-stung,
As on the temple's marble court he flung
The accursed silver by the murderers paid.
"I find no fault in him," the Roman said :
"What evil hath he done?" But still among
The tutored faction, "Crucify him!" rung."
So Pilate called for water; and he laid
On them the crime, as with washed hands he stood,
Proclaiming, "I am guiltless of His blood."
And, as HE hung beneath the darkened sun,
The trembling soldier owned the murderous deed :—
A threefold witness—thus they all agreed :—
"Truly this was the Christ, the Righteous One."

X.

“ For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.”

Heb. x. 14.

WITH blood, but not his own, the awful sign
At once of sin's desert and guilt's remission,
The Jew besought the clemency Divine,
The hope of mercy blending with contrition.
Sin must have death : its holy requisition
The Law may not relax. The opening tomb
Expects its prey ; mere respite, life's condition ;
Nor can the body shun its penal doom.
Yet there is mercy : wherefore else delay
To punish ? Why the victim and the rite ?
But can the type and symbol take away
The guilt, and for a broken law requite ?
THE CROSS unfolds the mystery. Jesus died :
The sinner lives : the Law is satisfied.



XI.

WITH blood, but not his own, the Jew drew near
The Mercy-seat, and Heaven received his prayer.
Yet was his hope obscured by doubt and fear :
“ If Thou shouldst mark transgression, who might
dare
To stand before Thee ?” Mercy loves to spare
And pardon ; but stern Justice has a voice,
That cries, “ Our God is holy, nor can bear
Uncleanness in the people of His choice.”
But now, One Offering, ne’er to be renewed,
Hath made our peace for ever. This now gives
Free access to the Throne of Heavenly Grace.
No more base fear and dark disquietude.
He who was slain, the Accepted Victim, lives,
And intercedes before the Father’s face.

XII.

"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. v. 1.

THE peace of God! Oh boon beyond all price!

A blood-besprinkled conscience; never known

By those who fondly dream they can atone

For sins untold, by aught of man's device;

By costly rites or bloody sacrifice,

Long pilgrimage, lean fast, or vigils lone,

The torturing scourge, or hermit's couch of stone.

ONE CROSS alone can lead to Paradise.

The servile rites of ignorance and fear,


Reluctant worship of a heart estranged,

That leave the stubborn nature still unchanged,

Change not his law, nor turn aside his rod.

But to the Mercy-seat thro' Christ draw near,

And, justified by faith, thou shalt have peace with God.



HYMN.

"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."—John i. 11.

To his own world he came,
To Earth's most favoured spot.
Jesus, Immanuel, was his name :
Yet, Israel knew him not.

Son of the Father's love,
Effulgence of his light,
He left his glorious court above,
To suffer man's despite.

He came to suffer death,
And, bleeding for his foes,
Spoke pardon with his dying breath,
And peace when he arose.

His latest moments here
In benediction pass'd.
To those who saw him disappear,
That action was his last.

But, having reached his throne,
He sent down from above
His promised Spirit, to make known
The riches of his love.

Ye who have felt that flame,
On whom that grace is poured,
Go, in his Spirit, to proclaim
Salvation in the Lord.

COLLECT.

Leave us not comfortless,
O Thou, our risen Lord !
But send Thy Spirit down to bless
And guide us with Thy word.
By Him Thy gifts impart,
Light, peace, and joy, and love :
Seal of adoption in our heart,
Earnest of heaven above.

HE IS RISEN.

“He is not here ; for He is risen. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.”

Matt. xxviii. 6.

OH shew me not my Saviour dying,
 As on the Cross he bled ;
 Nor in the tomb, a captive lying,
 For He has left the dead.
 Then bid me not that form extended
 For my Redeemer own,
 Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
 In glory fills the throne.

Weep not for Him at Calvary's station :
 Weep only for thy sins.
 View where He lay, with exultation ;
 'Tis there our hope begins.
 Yet, stay not there, thy sorrows feeding
 Amid the scenes He trod :
 Look up and see Him interceding
 At the right hand of God.

Still in the shameful Cross I glory,

Where His dear blood was spilt ;

For there the Great Propitiatory

Abolished all my guilt.

Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,

Shall strength and succour give ?

He lives, the Captain of Salvation ;

Therefore His servants live.

By Death, He Death's dark King defeated,

And overcame the Grave.

Rising, the triumph he completed.

He lives, He reigns to save.

Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him.

He comes, the Judge of Men.

These eyes shall see Him, and adore Him.

Lord Jesus ! own me then.

COLLECT.

O God, whose blessed Son as man appeared,
 The power and works of Satan to destroy,
 That we, enfranchised from his thrall, and cleared
 From guilt, might rise to Heaven's eternal joy :
 Grant that, this hope within our hearts made sure,
 We may in life be as our Saviour pure.

That when He shall return, in clouds descending,
 Not as at first, in low and humble guise,
 But clad in glory, Heaven's bright hosts attending,
 We, changed into his likeness, may arise
 To meet Him where, O Father, one with Thee,
 And Thee, O Holy Ghost, He reigns eternally.

THE KING OF GLORY.

"Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ."

THOU art the King of Glory, blessed Lord !

The Father's everlasting Son ;
Eternally the Co-existent Word.

And now, for victories won
In human flesh, Thee all the Heavens adore,
Who at the Father's right-hand reignest evermore.

All power in heaven and earth Thou wieldest there.

The Lord of Hades and of Death,
The keys of that dark empire Thou dost bear.

O'er all things that have breath,
Thy rule extends, by Hell in vain opposed.
Thou openest, none can shut; nor force what Thou hast
closed.

Not yet are all things put beneath Thy feet :

Not yet the kingdoms of this world
Are Thine : nor yet, consummate his defeat,
The Prince of darkness hurled
Down into hell's unfathomable void ;
Nor Death, man's final foe, with Death's dark King,
destroyed.

But Heaven, and Earth, and Hell, or with glad zeal

Or blind concurrence, work Thy will.
The day that shall the perfect scheme reveal,
And all Thy word fulfil,
Is drawing on ; and earth is ripening fast,
As for the sickle. Soon shall sound that signal-blast.

We know that Thou art coming, Mighty Lord,

To be the Judge of quick and dead ;
To give thy faithful servants their reward ;
To crush the serpent's head.

Lord, in thy merits and thy grace unbounded
I put my trust. Oh, let me never be confounded !

ASPIRATION.

Mihi enim vivendo Christus est, et moriendo lucrum.—Phil i. 21.

GRANT me, Heavenly Lord, to feel
 In Thy cause a servant's zeal.
 More than all to self most near,
 May I hold Thine honour dear;
 Willing to forego my pride,
 So my Lord be glorified.

In the conquests of Thy might
 May I loyally delight;
 In Thy ever-spreading reign
 Triumph as my greatest gain.
 Make me conscious by this sign,
 Saviour! Sovereign! I am thine.

THE APOCALYPSE.

THE APOCALYPSE.

I.

Rev. i. 9, x. 7.

BEHOLD ! He comes amid the clouds ! As when
From Olivet he rose, the chosen few
In speechless wonder gazing, and withdrew
Into the opening heavens. Even so again
He comes ; and every eye shall see him then.
But first that mystic drama must ensue,
The Prophet saw unsealed ;—thus far how true
To the dire record of the historic pen !
How long the blood of martyrs cried to heaven !
Then base Apostacy with night obscene
Eclipsed the Church ; the foul and wanton Queen
Displaced the Bride of Christ. Of trumpets seven,
Now six have sounded. One more cycle sums
The mystery of God. Behold, he comes !

II.

Rev. iv.—v.

A THRONE was set in heaven, of living light.

The throne was filled : and He who sat thereon

Radiant with more than human beauty shone.

Circling the throne, with emerald tinctures bright,

The Bow of Covenant. Next, robed in white,

With coronals of gold, were ranged a zone

Of twice twelve reverend forms ; and round the throne

Were mystic shapes, which, understood aright,

Denote the general host of God's Redeemed.

And, as they raised the never-ceasing song,

Prostrate those elders worshipp'd. But, behold !

Amid the throne there stood ONE who esteemed

Heaven's crown his native right ; and harps of gold

Resound,—To Him who died worship and praise belong.

III.

Rex. vi. 1—11, xix. 11.

COME, view the unseal'd scroll of mystic fate.

Lo ! the Crown'd Archer on his snow-white steed
Victorious rides. But who must him succeed ?

First, Discord on his fire-red charger sate,

With blood-stain'd sword. And next, War's direful mate,

Famine, on courser black ; a time of need

Marked by the scales that weigh the precious seed.

Last, on his livid horse, in horrid state,

Death, by the Grave attended. Woe ! woe ! woe !

The Earth is ravaged, and the martyrs slain

Invoke the righteous Judge. With many a throe

Nature must heave, and long the Church complain.

But see, Heaven opens : on his white steed, lo !

The Conqueror returns for evermore to reign.

IV.

Rev. viii.

THE hour of incense past, seven Angels took
Their trumpets mystical. When the first three
Had each his signal given, on earth, on sea,
And on the inland waters, spring and brook,
Fell storm, and fire, and plague. The fourth blast shook
The orbs of heaven, and each appeared to be
One third eclipsed. Handmaid of Prophecy!
Furnish the cipher from thy storied book.
Tell of calamities that first laid waste
The Eastern plains; then, how on sea-girt shores,
Worse than volcanic fires the soil defaced :
The barbarous North on Rome its deluge pours.
Truth's tainted springs of poisonous error taste ;
And her contracted light the guilty Church deplores.

V.

Rev. ix.

WHEN the fifth Angel sounded, downward fell
A star-like form, to whom was given power
To unlock the abyss bituminous. Dread hour
Of darkness ! From the pitchy smoke of hell,
Thence steaming up, a host innumerable
Of locusts came, to conquer and devour.
Their prey is men : the emblematic shower
Did Islam's turban'd Saracens foretel.
That fallen star—false angel—is their lord ;
His name, Destroyer. When that woe had pass'd,
Lo ! the sixth Angel blew his direful blast,
Which loosed the Turkish powers' innumerable horde :
O'er trembling Christendom their horsemen poured.
How long shall that decrepid empire last !

VI.

Rev. xvi.

ALMOST unravelled is the mystic scheme.

One trumpet more denounces penal woes

On the false Church and on Truth's dragon foes.

Seven golden bowls with those last judgements teem,

Pour'd forth on earth and sea, on spring and stream,

The orb of day, the bestial throne, and those

Who serve him, and where old Euphrates flows,

And in the air : that plague made men blaspheme

Thro' agony. Then Papal Babylon

Received her doom. Here, lights historic fail.

The final conflict fast is drawing on ;

But who may dare to lift the figured veil ?

Blessed is he that watcheth. See ! upon

The horizon breaks a light which turns the Crescent
pale.

VII.

Rev. xvii. xviii.

HAS not the seven-hill'd city been o'erthrown ?
Fire, flood, and earthquake, pestilence, and dearth,
Laid waste the fallen Empress of the Earth,
Completing what the Gothic sword had done :
And herdsmen wandered 'mid the pastures lone,
Where once was heard the classic song of Mirth.
Ages elapsed ere Rome to second birth
Rose from the tomb, and called the world her own.
Though Ruin broods on the old Palatine,
The Coliseum stands. Still the foul seat
Of Papal fraud, the city, and its shrine
Idolatrous, are with all crimes replete.
Murd'ress, intoxicate, but not with wine,
Destruction waits in ambush at thy feet !

VIII.

Rev. xi. 2—3, xii. 6, xiii.

TWELVE centuries and well-nigh threescore years
Have passed since Mecca's false Messiah fled.
Islam's enfeebled powers submit their head
In homage to the Christian, and their fears
Forestall their doom. Nor less infirm appears
The Papal Monster. Smit with anxious dread,
The banded despots view the silent spread
Of light and truth thro' Earth's twin hemispheres.
Thou throned Redeemer of thy Bride elect!
Head of the Church, to whom all power belongs!
Hasten thy glorious advent, to erect
The last and rightful empire. For the songs
And harps of Heaven the promised hour expect,
And Earth implores deliverance from her wrongs,

IX.

Rev. xxi. 2; 1 Cor. xv. 51; 1 Thess. iv. 14—17.

THE slumbering dust of Christ's Elect shall wake,
Roused by the trump of God, before the change
Shall pass on those surviving. Oh the strange,
Transporting scene ! A moment then shall make
These glorious as their peers, that all may take
Their upward path at once, in bright array
Of jubilant procession, while the day
Of doom upon the astonished Earth shall break.
As when a king, quitting his regal seat,
Some distant province seeks, the city's flower
And reverend chiefs come forth their liege to greet,
Then swell his royal escort ; at that hour,
So, in mid-air, the saints their Lord shall meet
Descending in the glory of his power.

X.

2 Peter iii. 10—13; Rev. xxi. 10—23.

THE elements shall melt with fervent heat.

Earth's central fires shall pierce the fragile crust ;

Her proudest works be all resolved to dust.

Who were the master-builders ? War, Deceit,

And Death ! Forts, temples, sepulchres,—unmeet

For that regenerate orb on which the Just,

Shall live immortal ages. Hence they must

Share Earth's last agony and Sin's defeat.

A fairer globe shall from the skies invite

The bridal city on that day of days.

Lo, built on truth, and walled with glorious might,

Its pearly gates each golden street displays.

God is its temple, and the Lamb its light ;

Love the pure element, the language praise.

SONGS OF ZION.

“Sing us one of the songs of Zion.”

SION GLORIOUS.

I.

Psalm lxxxvii.

Lo ! founded by Almighty hands,
Amid the holy mountains Sion stands,
 Jehovah's own abode ;—
The sacred courts where more He loves to dwell,
Than in thy goodliest cities, Israel.

What glories wait thee, City of our God !

Hereafter, at thy sacred seat,
The Egyptian shall the proud Chaldean meet ;
 With gifts shall hither come :
And swarthy Cush, and Tyre, and Palestine,
Shall crowd thy gates, and call their children thine
 And boast of Sion as their native home.

Jehovah shall approve their claim,
And register full many a Gentile name
Among the chosen race.
Nations unborn shall join the choral throng,
And swell the hallelujah's ceaseless song,
Thou well-spring of my joy ! thou holy, happy place !

II.

Psalm lxxvi.

IN Judah God is known :
His name is great in Israel.
In Salem is His throne :
In Sion does He love to dwell.
There did He break the sword, and bow,
And shield, the weapons of the foe.

Thou art more glorious now,
Yea, more exalted, Mount of God,
Than hills of loftiest brow,
The ravening spoiler's proud abode.

Powerless the mighty, spoil'd the brave,
They sleep the slumber of the grave.
Both horse and rider at Thy frown,
O God of Hosts, sank lifeless down.

How terrible Thy name !
Before Thine anger who may stand ?
From Heaven the sentence came :
Earth trembled, silence hushed the land,
When from His seat the Judge arose,
To save the humble from their foes.

Thus the blind wrath of man
Turns to His praise who lets it rage,
And then at pleasure can
The tempest, by a word, assuage.
To Him alone, to Israel's King,
Nations, your vows and tributes bring.
The pride of princes He can tame ;
And monarchs tremble at His name.

III.

Psalm xlvii.

God is our refuge, ever near,

Our Help in tribulation :

Therefore His people shall not fear,

Amid a wreck'd creation.

Though mountains from their base be hurled,

And Ocean shake the solid world,

The Lord is our salvation.

The stream that flows from Sion's hill

Shall yet, serenely gliding,

With joy the holy city fill,

His presence there abiding.

The Lord, her glory and defence,

Will guard His chosen residence,

His timely aid providing.

Like raging seas the heathen rose :

Like rolling mountains came our foes.

He spake, and, melting in dismay,

The mighty mass dissolved away.

Jehovah, Lord of heavenly powers,
Was for us : Jacob's God is ours.

Come, view the wonders of His hand,
What He hath wrought for Judah's land ;
How He the angry din hath quelled,
The proud array of war dispelled,—
Broken the warrior's spear and bow,
And burned the chariots of the foe.
—" Peace, rebels ! know that I alone
Am God, and will maintain my throne."—
The Lord of all the angelic powers
Is for us : Israel's God is ours.

IV.

Psalm xlviii.

GREAT is the Lord Most High !
His power and majesty,
Most worthy theme of our exalted strains,
In His own city shine
With lustre all divine,
Upon the holy mountain where He reigns.

How beautiful the site !
Sion, the Earth's delight,
Whose northern slopes the royal city bear :
Metropolis divine
Of Judah's sacred line ;
Its fortress, God ; its strength, Jehovah's care.

Confederate kings had met ;
Their martial ranks were set ;
They came ; they gazed : we saw their hosts appear :
When sudden panic spread
Through all their ranks :—they fled :
Throes like a woman's shook their frames with fear.

Or, as a stormy gale
Makes boldest spirits quail,
When the large ships lie shattered on the coasts ;
Then what our fathers told,
We did ourselves behold
In this the city of the Lord of Hosts.

Seat of our God, He will
Guard His own city still.
Within Thy temple, in Thy love we trust.
According to Thy Name,
Thy deeds to Earth proclaim
Thy glory : faithful are Thy ways, and just.

Sion shall raise her voice,
And Judah's hills rejoice,
Because o'er earth extends Thy righteous sway.
Go, compass Sion's mount ;
Her towers and bulwarks count ;
Her stately palaces with care survey :

Note every structure well,
That sires their sons may tell,
How fair and strong the sacred city rose.
For He whom we adore,
Will be for evermore
Our God, and guide us to our journey's close.

V.

Psalm xlvii.

OH clap your hands ; exultant raise
The shout of holy mirth !
The awful God of Judah praise,
Sovereign o'er all the earth.

The nations that against us rose,
The Lord has overthrown,
And made our tributary foes
Their forced subjection own.

The happy land in which we dwell
Was chosen by His grace :
Glory and pride of Israel,
Beloved and favoured race !

What shouts of triumph rend the sky ?
The ark of God ascends.
The trumpet's royal harmony
Jehovah's state attends.

Sing to our God in joyful strains ;
Sing praises to our King.
Sovereign o'er all the earth he reigns :—
In skilful contest sing.

Supreme He reigns, God over all,
Throned on His holy seat ;
Where, at the solemn festival,
The assembled princes meet.

There with their several tribes they stand,
Who Abraham's God adore.
God is our shield—He guards our land,
Most High for evermore.

VI.

Psalm xcix.

Jehovah reigns alone :
Let all the nations tremble and adore Him.
Between the Cherubim His throne :
Let the Earth quake before Him.

Glorious in Sion is the Lord Most High,
O'er all the world supreme. With reverence lowly
Extol His name of dreadful majesty :
For it is holy.

Thy royal power in justice has delight,
Maintaining equity, upholding right.
Thy just decrees in Israel dispense
The due award of guilt and innocence.
Exalt the Lord our God :—with reverence lowly
Bow down before His throne, whose Name is holy.

Among His ministers, to Israel sent,
Moses and Aaron stood pre-eminent ;
Among the prophets who invoked His name,
Samuel the Seer. They called and were heard.
He spake from forth the pillar'd cloud and flame :
Then they His statutes kept, obeyed His word.
Thou answeredst them, O Lord ; Thou wast a God
Of pardoning mercy, oft by Israel tried :
Although their sins provoked Thy chastening rod,
Still their contrition turned Thy wrath aside.

Exalt the Lord our God : with reverence lowly
His courts attend. The Lord our God is holy.

VII.

Psalm lxviii.

LET Israel's God arise !
Then shall his enemies
Be scattered at the terrors of His name :
Then shall the wicked flee,
And all their mightiest be
As smoke before the wind, as wax before the flame

But, with exultant voice,
His people shall rejoice
Before His presence : loud their songs shall rise.
Sing praises unto Him
Who, on swift cherubim
Descending, makes His chariot the skies.

Jehovah, God alone !
And justice is His throne.

The orphan's Father, and the widow's God,
He snaps the prisoner's chain,
Brings home the captive train,
Scatters the proud, and breaks the oppressor's rod.

O God ! when erst at Israel's head
Thou wentest forth, and through the wilderness,
By thy mysterious banner led,
Thy chosen people moved, Earth quaked with dread,
As conscious of Thy footsteps ; nor did less
The solid firmament confess,
Dissolving into flood and flame,
The terrors of her Maker's name.
Then didst Thou rain down angels' food
Upon the fainting multitude :
Like dew the daily wonder fell
Around the tents of Israel.
And still the poor Thy goodness share ;
Still Israel is Jehovah's care.

'Tis He hath given the song,
Which virgin choirs prolong

In joyous strains, a many-voiced train :

“ By Heaven discomfited,

They fled, the monarchs fled,

And Judah's daughters share the splendid gain.

“ Deck'd with the spoil of kings,

Bright as the silvery wings

Of golden-plumaged dove their rich array,

The victors come : for, lo !

God has rebuked the foe,

And death-like gloom gives place to glorious day.”

Lofty are Bashan's oak-crown'd heights,

With pastures rich and fertilizing rills :

But, O ye loftier hills !

Upon the mountain in which God delights,

Look not so proudly down,

As if with envious frown.

Know, He hath chosen Zion for His own :

There hath Jehovah fixed His everlasting throne.

Attendant on his royal state,

Legions of happy angels wait ;

Thousands of myriads from on high,
Heaven's seraphic chivalry.
Such the pomp that Sinai saw,
When thunders spake the awful law ;
Nor less their viewless hosts surround
Sion's consecrated ground.
By all their shining hosts attended,
Thou hast on high, O Lord, ascended !
The captors were led captive then ;
And largely ev'n rebellious men
Shared of Thy gifts divinely free,
The first-fruits of Thy victory ;
That God might with His people dwell,
Jehovah, our Immanuel.

Blessed be God our King ; His chosen nation
His arm has saved. Praise Him from day to day.
Jehovah is the God of our salvation :

He saves from death, or calls the sword to slay.
The Lord hath smitten with a deadly wound
The head of those who hate Him : fell dismay
Shall strike the rebel host, and all their pride confound.

From Bashan I will bring them, saith the Lord,
And from the western sea, to meet thy sword.
Yes, they shall come, ne'er to return again,
And dogs obscene shall feast upon their slain.

Men saw the goodly train,
When to thy holy fane,
O God, the glad procession moved along.
The choral voices lead,
The minstrels next succeed,
And virgins with their timbrels aid the song.

Band after band, they raise
A thousand tongues in praise,
As Israel's tribes in marshalled state march on.
First, youngest Benjamin,
With royal Judah seen :
And Nephthalim is there, and sea-bound Zabulon.

O God, who hast for Israel fought,
Confirm the mercy thou hast wrought.

Hither let kings repair,—

To Salem, where Thy temple stands,
Bearing the wealth of distant lands.

Chase from their reedy lair
On Jordan's marge, the beasts of prey ;
Drive Syria's lion far away ;

The assembly of the mighty overawe ;
That haughty lords of nations, they who tread
On silver-paved floors, Thy name may dread.

Scatter the people who delight in war.

Let Egypt's princes haste to bow the knee,
And Ethiopia stretch her swarthy hands to Thee.

Let every kingdom raise
To God its voice of praise,—

To Him who makes the heaven of heavens His throne.

Awful His voice of might ;

His strength is infinite :

He, Israel's God and King, is God alone.

The glories of His Name,

The spacious heavens proclaim.

How awful is the God whom we adore !

Unto His people, He
Gives might and victory.
Blessed be God Most High for evermore !

VIII.

Psalm cxxii.

Joyful I hail the day
When friends and brethren say,
Come, let us to Jehovah's seat ascend.
Again our happy feet
Shall tread each well-known street
Of Salem, and her sacred courts attend.

City of Union, where
Jehovah's tribes repair,
By sacred ordinance, His Name to bless.
There stand, by right Divine,
The thrones of David's line,
For judgement. Pray for Salem's happiness.

Be those who love thee blest !
Thy walls may Peace invest !
Thy towers may Joy her constant dwelling make !
Dear for my brethren's weal,
Thy welfare now I feel,
And love thee, Salem, for the Temple's sake.

IX.

Psalm cxxxiii.

OH! how grateful is the sight,
Israel! when thy sons unite ;
When a holy truce succeeds
Angry feuds and hostile deeds,
And, as brethren, side by side,
Peacefully thy tribes abide !

Like the sacred unction shed
Upon Aaron's reverend head,
That, with costliest odours blended,
O'er his flowing beard descended,

Thence distilling on his vest ; —
Like the genial dews that rest,
Hermon ! on thy pastoral heights,
Spreads that peace its calm delights,
Shedding heavenly influence round :
Richest blessings thence abound.
For, where love His saints unites,
Peace, and heaven, and God are found.

X.

Psalm cxxxiv.

CHALLENGE.

Ho ! ye servants of the Lord,
Who by night
In the holy place keep ward,
And delight
In the praise of God most high,
From within, in loud reply,
Ever hallelujah cry.

RESPONSE.

Israel's God, the Lord who bade
Earth and heaven to be, and made
All things in them, guard thy feet ;
Bless thee from His mercy-seat !

XI.

Psalm xci.

(Probably composed on occasion of deliverance from pestilence.)

IN the Temple's secret cell,
He who his abode has made,
Shall, beneath the Almighty's shade,
In a sure asylum dwell.

To Jehovah I resort,
As my refuge and my fort.
In my God, my strong defence,
Centres all my confidence.

From the fowler's fatal snare,
From the plague-envenomed air,

He shall guard thee : o'er thy head,
His paternal wings out-spread,
Shall secure protection yield,
And His truth shall be thy shield.
Fear no dangers of the night ;
Fear no shaft of fiery light ;
Whether pest of midnight hour,
Or the simoom's baleful power.
Though around thee thousands die,
Thee the plague shall not come nigh.
But in safety thou shalt view
Judgements to the guilty due.

Since thy faith Jehovah's aid
Hath its tower of refuge made,—
Since thou hast on God relied,
Thee no evil shall betide ;
Thine abode no plague molest ;
No alarm disturb thy rest.
Angel-bands that never sleep,
Shall their guard around thee keep,
Guide thy steps with watchful care,
And thy stumbling feet upbear.

All unharmēd thou shalt tread
On the asp, or dragon's head ;
Undismay'd the lion meet,—
He shall crouch beneath thy feet.

He that loves me, saith the Lord,
Such shall be his high reward.
I will keep his soul from shame,
Who hath glorified my name.
When he calleth, I will hear ;
In all trouble will be near,
And for his relief appear.
He in honour shall abide,—
With long life be satisfied,
And his latest hour shall be
Dawning immortality.

XII.

Psalm lxxv.

PRAISE on Thee in Zion-gates
Daily, O Jehovah ! waits.

Unto Thee, O God, belong
Grateful vows and holy song.
Unto Thee who hearest prayer,
Shall the tribes of men repair.
Tho' with conscious guilt oppressed,
On Thy mercy still I rest.
Thy forgiving love display :
Take, O Lord ! our sins away.

Oh, how blessed their reward,
Chosen servants of the Lord,
Who within Thy courts abide,
With Thy goodness satisfied !
Dear the sacred joys that spring
From the service of our King.
But how dire thy judgements fell,
Saviour of Thine Israel,
When Thy people's cry arose,
On their proud and impious foes !

Thou the hope and refuge art
Of remotest lands apart ;

Distant isles and tribes unknown,
'Mid the ocean waste and lone.
By Thy boundless might set fast,
Rise the mountains firm and vast.
Thou canst with a word assuage
Ocean's wild and deafening rage,
Sounding like the tumult rude
Of a maddened multitude.

When Thy signs in Heaven appear,
Earth's remotest regions fear ;
And the bounties of Thy hand
Fill with gladness every land ;—
Those who first the morn descry,
Those beneath the western sky.

Thou dost visit Earth, and rain
Blessings on the thirsty plain,
From the copious founts on high,
From the rivers of the sky.
When Thou hast prepared the soil
For the sower's hopeful toil,

Then again the heavens distil
Blessings on each terraced hill,
Whence the gathering waters flow
To the trenched plains below.
Softened by the genial showers,
Earth with plenty teems ; and flowers,
Types of promised good, appear :
Thus Thy bounty crowns the year.
So the clouds Thy power confess,
And Thy paths drop fruitfulness ;—
Drop upon the pastoral plain,
And the desert smiles again ;
And the hills, with plenty crowned,
Are with gladness girt around.
White with flocks the downs are seen ;
Cultured vales with corn are green ;
And the voice of song and mirth
Rises from the tribes of Earth.

SION DESOLATE.

I.

Psalm lxxix.

HEATHENS, O God, have seized Thy heritage !

Thy temple is defiled ; Salem laid low.

Unburied lie the victims of their rage.

Around, the ravening beast

Has shared the vulture's feast,

While with the blood of saints the valleys flow.

Surrounding tribes insult our wretched lot.—

How long ? O Lord ! will Thy wrath ever burn ?

Pour out Thine ire on those who fear Thee not.

Upon the Pagan lands

Whose desolating bands

Lay Israel waste, Thy righteous anger turn,

Remember not, O Lord, our black arrear

Of guilt, for we are fallen. Spare Thy rod.

Oh, for the glory of Thy Name appear—

That Name our foes blaspheme :

Shew forth Thy power supreme,

And stop the heathen's taunt, Where is their God ?


Oh, make it known by Thine avenging sword.

Regard the captive's sigh, the sufferer's groan.

With shame requite their impious taunts, O Lord !

So we Thy chosen seed,

The sheep Thy pastures feed,

Will make Thy praise to distant ages known. 

II.

Psalm lxxx.

O THOU who leddest forth of old,

By Moses' hand, Thy chosen fold

Through Horeb's burning waste,—

Shepherd of Israel, give ear !

O Thou, whose throne of living light
Between the cherubim is placed,
To Joseph's seed and Benjamin appear !
Put forth Thine arm, O Lord, and save us by Thy
might.

CHORUS.

Restore, O God, Thy chosen race !
As erst Thy glory beam'd,
Oh turn on us the brightness of Thy face,
And we shall be redeemed.

How long, O Lord, wilt Thou retain
Thy wrath, and prayer ascend in vain ?
With sorrows are Thy people fed :
Tears are their cup, and tears their bread.
Contending foes on either hand
Dispute possession of our land.
Thou hast abandoned us to be
Their strife, and prey, and mockery.

CHORUS.

O God of Hosts, restore Thy chosen race !

As erst Thy glory beamed,

Turn, turn on us the brightness of Thy face,

And we shall be redeemed.

Thou broughtest from Egypt a Vine,

And nations, removed by thy hand,

Made room for the Plant that was Thine,

And it struck root, and filled the land.

Its tendrils the cedar ascended ;

It shadowed the hills with its height ;

And its boughs to Euphrates extended,

To ocean the arms of its might.

Why, Lord, hast thou cast down the fence

That once threw security round,

Repelling the enemy thence,

While strangers respected the bound ?

But now they may break through, unheeding,

Thy Vine of its honours to spoil :

The herds on its foliage are feeding ;

The wild boar is trampling the soil.

Return, Oh return to Thy land !

Look down from Thy glory, and see
How the Plant that was reared by Thy hand,
The Stem that was holy to Thee,
Has been torn by the hands of the cruel :
Its branches, dishonoured, cut down,
Have served the destroyer for fuel :—
It is withering under thy frown.

O God, put forth Thy hand once more :
The servant of Thy choice restore.
Defend the hope of Israel,
So will we never more rebel ;
But, quickened by Thy power Divine,
We will invoke no name but Thine.

CHORUS.

Lord God of Hosts, restore Thy chosen race !
As erst Thy glory beam'd,
Turn, turn on us the brightness of Thy face :
Then shall we be redeemed.

III.

Psalm cxxxvii.

By Babel's willowy stream we sate
And wept,—a mournful band :
We thought of Sion's cruel fate,
And our once glorious land ;
And on the branches, all unstrung
By grief, our voiceless harps we hung.

For those who led us captive there,
Those who had done us wrong,
Demanded mirth from our despair,
And bade us wake the song.
But how, with faltering voice and hand,
Raise Sion's song in heathen land ?

If I forget thee, Salem, let
My right hand all its skill
And tuneful craft e'en so forget ;
My tongue no more fulfil

Its office, when I prize thee less
Than aught of earthly happiness.

Remember, Lord ! fierce Edom's joy
At Judah's overthrow :
“ Raze, raze the walls—o’erturn, destroy”—
They said, and cheered the foe.
Remember, and requite to them
Their hatred towards Jerusalem.

Thou, too, who madest desolate,
Shalt be thyself laid waste.
Proud City, thine shall be our fate ;
Thy sons our misery taste.
Blest be his ruthless hand from whom
Thy little ones shall meet their doom !

“ THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.”

“Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land
that is very far off.”—Isa. xxxvii. 17.

SING us one of the songs of Zion ;
No tyrant, no stranger is near.
Your Lord is the name we rely on ;
Your God is the God whom we fear.
Oh, sing of the King in His Glory,
Of the far-distant, beautiful land.
Our bosoms shall glow at the story,
Our hearts at the prospect expand.

Here, we too are exiles and strangers,
Who sigh for the land of our birth :
Encompassed with sorrows and dangers,
Our home cannot be upon earth.
The world may regard us with pity ;
But our path all the faithful have trod :
And our names are enrolled in a city
Whose Builder and Maker is God.

Oh, sing of the home of the blessed,
Of Salem, the City of Peace,
Where freedom awaits the oppressed,
Where sighing and sorrow shall cease.
The just, who their course have completed,
There rest, and await their reward ;
And martyrs, their tyrants defeated,
Partake of the reign of their Lord.

There angels, in numberless legions,
The glorious convention attend,
Of purified spirits, in regions
To which nothing gross can ascend.
There multitudes no man can number,
In anthems of triumph unite ;
The worship unbroken by slumber,
The glory ne'er fading in night.

O Paradise more than Elysian !
Beyond all that thought can conceive !
The bliss of the heavenly vision,
Enough for the heart to believe.

We there, with pure spirits surrounded,
Our glorified Lord shall adore,
In whose presence is gladness unbounded,
And pleasures endure evermore.

COLLECT.

O God, who hast such bliss prepared,
To be by all who love Thee shared,
As mortal man would grasp in vain!
Make our cold hearts to know this love,
That, loving Thee all things above,
We may those promises obtain,
Which all we can desire transcend,
And love and serve Thee to the end,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE KING OF SION.

Psalm xlv.

MY heart is labouring with a glorious theme :
 My song is of THE KING. My tongue doth teem
 With glowing thoughts, which it would fain disclose,
 As language from the practised writer flows.

In that countenance benign,
 Beauties more than human shine :
 Gracious words those lips dispense,
 Dropping sweetest eloquence ;
 For Jehovah, on thy head,
 Hath eternal blessings shed.

Arise, gird on Thy sword,
 O Thou most mighty Lord !
 Put on Thy panoply of light,
 And in Thy majesty
 Ride forth triumphantly,
 Thy chariot, Truth, the meek and poor to right.

Let Thy right hand spread terror all before,
That nations may fall prostrate and adore.
Oh let them know, who dare Thy reign oppose,
How sharp the arrows that subdue Thy foes.

Eternal is Thy Throne, O God !

Eternal justice is Thy kingly rod.
Beloved of Thee, the righteous meet reward,
Nor less by Thee the wicked are abhorred.
Therefore, O Christ, on Thine exalted head,
Jehovah hath the royal unction shed,
Above Thy peers ; and unto Thee
Shall every creature bow the knee.

All Thy robes around Thee shed

Richest odours sweetly blended,
When, from ivory halls, attended
By joyful choirs, thy pomp is led.

Amid the virgin train are seen
Daughters of Kings, and many a royal maid ;
While at Thy right hand, gloriously arrayed
In gold of Ophir, stands the Queen.

Hearken, O daughter ! " See thy King draw near,
And to His accents bow thy willing ear.
Thy native land remote no more regret,
But in His love thy father's house forget :
So in thy beauty shall the King delight ;
Thy Lord, who claims thy homage as His right.
The rich with gifts thy favour shall entreat,
And Tyre shall pour her treasures at thy feet.

How fair, in bridal glory drest,
The Queen,—of woven gold her vest,
Her flowing robe of purple dye,
Enwrought with Phrygian broidery.
Now is she led, O King, to Thee,
With all her virgin company :
With sounds of joy and nuptial song,
The glad procession moves along ;
And to the royal courts they bring
The spotless Consort of the King.
Sons to their fathers shall succeed ;
Princes of earth shall be thy seed ;
Thy name remotest times adore ;
Thy praise endure for evermore.

DAVID'S HEIR AND LORD.

Psalm cx.

THUS to my Sovereign hath Jehovah said :

“ Enthroned at my right hand, await the hour
 When every rebel that withstands Thy power
 Shall crouch beneath Thy feet. The sceptre swayed
 By Sion's King, remotest tribes shall own ;
 Thy foes shall come and bow before Thy Throne.
 Upon these hallowed hills shall be displayed
 Thy power divine ; and here with glad accord,
 The chosen race shall own their rightful Lord.
 A countless progeny, a seed new-born,
 Innumerable as the dew-drops of the morn,
 Shall be that day disclosed, in glorious pomp arrayed.”

Thus hath Jehovah with an oath decreed,

The God who changeth not : “ Be Thou ordained
 High-priest for ever ;—not as Aaron's seed,
 But as, of old, Melchisedec sustained,

In mystic union, both exalted names,
Pontiff and King ;—type of Thy sacred claims.”

But in that day of wrath, Oh, who shall stand,
When He who sits at God’s right hand,
In vengeance shall descend again ?
Then kings shall from their thrones be hurled ;
Then shall the nations of the world
Be judgēd : on the mighty slain
The birds shall banquet : He will overwhelm
The Prince of many a leagued realm
With dismal ruin, endless pain.
But first the Conqueror shall taste
Of that dark torrent in His way :
Then to pursue His triumph haste,
And, Lord of all, enjoy His universal sway.

THE KING OF GLORY.

Psalm xxiv.

THE Earth is Thine, O God, this teeming earth ;
 Thine the round world, with all its thousand nations.
 Thy plastic word gave the vast fabric birth,
 And planted in the deep its firm foundations.
 But Sion is the temple of Thy grace :
 Who may ascend to tread that holy place ?

The man whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure ;
 The man of guileless lips, of humble spirit ;
 Let him draw nigh the blessing to secure :
 He shall the favour of his God inherit.
 These are the men, O God, who seek Thy face,
 And they shall joyful tread that holy place.

Lift up your heads, O gates !
 Give, ye eternal portals, entrance meet !
 Behold, the triumph waits !
 The King of Glory enters to His seat.

Who is this glorious King? Rehearse His claim.
Jehovah, God of Hosts, the Almighty is His name.

Lift up your heads, O gates !

Give, ye eternal portals, entrance meet !

For lo ! the triumph waits :

The King of Glory enters to His seat.

Who is this glorious One whose praise ye sing ?
Jehovah, God of Hosts ; and He is Israel's King.

“ THE GOD OF GLORY THUNDERETH.”

Psalm xxix.

GIVE, O ye mighty, to Jehovah give
Glory : to Him ascribe all power and might.
Oh, render to the Lord the glory due
To His dread name : His courts with reverence tread.

Jehovah's voice is on the waters. Lo !
The God of glory thundereth : 'tis His voice
Upon the mighty deep—His voice of power,
Jehovah's voice of awful majesty.

Before Jehovah's voice the cedars break :
It shivereth the pride of Lebanon.
Affrighted Lebanon bounds at that voice,
Like a wild heifer : loftiest Sirion
Plunges and starts like a young buffalo.
Jehovah's voice, scattering the forked flames,
Jehovah's voice shakes the wide wilderness,
Uproots the oak, and lays the forest bare.
For lo ! the firmament His temple is,
Where all things utter forth His glorious name.
His throne is on the stormy deep. He reigns
The universal King ; for ever reigns.
His people, 'mid the warring elements,
Are safe. The Lord will give his people peace.

“ THE LORD ON HIGH IS MIGHTIER THAN THE
NOISE OF MANY WATERS.”

THE Eternal reigns : His vesture is the light ;
His robes are majesty, His cincture, might.

The universe, the fabric of His hands,
On the firm base of his appointment stands.
But older far than Time itself Thy throne,
Thou from eternity hast reigned alone.

How terrible, when storms arise,
Is Ocean's dread uproar,
Swelling in mountains to the skies,
And warring with the shore !
O Thou Most High for evermore !
What is the Ocean's might to Thine, whose sway
The angry waves confess, and raging winds obey !

Sealed by that Power divine,
Thy covenant, O God, is sure ;
Thy truth for ever shall endure ;
Thy Church, arrayed in lustre pure,
Shall to Thy glory, Lord, through endless ages shine.

THE EXODE.

Psalm cxiv.

WHEN Israel's host went forth from Mizraim's land,
 Land of their bondage and a race abhorr'd,
 Then Judah was made holy to the Lord :
 Then Jacob's tribes, led forth at his command,
 Became his kingdom. Wonders marked their way.
 The Sea beheld, and fled. Jordan forsook
 His channel. Sinai trembled with dismay,
 And all her hills, like frightened younglings, shook.
 Wherefore, O Sea, didst thou retreat ? Thy fountains
 Why didst thou stay, O Jordan ? Why, ye mountains,
 Shook ye, and bounded, like a frightened flock ?
 It was Jehovah's presence struck with awe
 The trembling earth : the Flood her Maker saw,
 At whose command gushed forth a river from the
 rock.

THE FEAST OF TRUMPETS.

Psalm lxxxv.

SING, sing aloud to God our Might,
 To Jacob's God and King:
 Raise high the psalm ; the tabor smite,
 And sweep the sounding string :
 And let the shrill-toned trumpet call
 To Israel's solemn festival.

For such hath been, from ancient date,
 A statute in the land ;
 By God ordained to celebrate
 The act of His right hand,
 Which saved our Fathers from among
 A tyrant race of foreign tongue.

" It was MY hand the chain of bondage broke,
 And freed them from the yoke.
 When in extremity my help they sought,
 My arm their rescue wrought.
 From Sinai's dark recess came forth my word,
 In vocal thunders heard.

And when at Meribah their faith I tried,
The rock its stream supplied.
Oh that my people would my laws observe,
Nor from my covenant swerve !
Before no idol shalt thou bow, nor own
As God but Me alone.
I am thy God, Jehovah, whose right hand
Led thee from Egypt's land ;
Who rained down showers of manna, angels' food,
And filled thy mouth with good.
But Israel would not bend a dutious ear :
They cast away my fear.
So to their own heart's will and passion's strength,
I gave them up at length.
Oh that my people had my law revered,
And to my ways adhered !
Soon had I humbled then their haughty foe,
And brought the oppressor low.
The impious should with awe my power have seen.
How blest had Israel been !
I would have filled their stores with golden shocks,
And honey from the rocks."

HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOR EVER.

Psalm cxxxvi.

To our God loud praises give,
Source of good to all who live :
Praise His name whose mercy sure
Shall eternally endure.

To the Lord your homage bring,
God of gods, of kings the King :
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

Praise Him for his deeds of might ;
For His greatness infinite ;
For His mercy free and sure,
Which doth evermore endure.

Who by wisdom built the skies,
And bade earth from ocean rise ;

Filled the sun with glorious light ;
Gave the moon to rule the night,
'Mid the stars in courses bright.
Praise Him, for His mercy sure
Shall eternally endure.

Who, when Pharaoh hardened grew,
Egypt's every first-born slew ;
Leading forth, with upraised hand,
Israel from the accursed land.
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

Who, between the parted sea,
Marched his people safe and free ;
But o'er Pharaoh closed the wave,
Whelmed beneath the watery grave.
For His mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

Who through deserts wide and dread,
Israel, like a shepherd, led :
Who, for their sakes, monarchs slew,
Mighty monarchs overthrew ;

Sihon, the proud Amorite,
Bashan's lord, of giant might ;
And his Israel did advance
To the rich inheritance.
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

Who beheld us when brought low,
And redeemed us from the foe.
For His mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

Who doth every blessing give :
By whose bounty all things live.
For His mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

O give thanks ; your voices raise
To the God of heaven in praise.
For his mercy, free and sure,
Shall eternally endure.

“ PRAISE HIM, ALL YE NATIONS.”

Psalm cxvii.

JEHOVAH's praise sublime
 Through the wide earth be sung :
 Ye realms of every clime,
 Ye tribes of every tongue :
 His infinite compassion bless,
 His ever-during faithfulness.

THE KING GOING FORTH TO BATTLE.

Psalm xx.

CHORUS.

IN the day of thy distress,
 May Jehovah hear thee !
 In the hour when dangers press,
 Jacob's God be near thee !
 Send thee from His holy place,
 Timely aid or strengthening grace !

May thy prayers and offerings rise
By thy God recorded !
Thine oblations reach the skies,
Graciously rewarded !
Granted be thy heart's request ;
All thy purposes be blest !

Thy success our hearts shall cheer :
We with glad acclaim
Will our grateful trophies rear
In Jehovah's name.
Go beneath His guardian care,
And the Lord fulfil Thy prayer !

KING.

Now am I assured the Lord
Will His servant shield,
Succour from the heavens afford,
Guard me in the field.
Let them trust their vaunted force,
Scythed car and marshalled horse :—

Be our trust His mighty Name
Who outspread the skies.
Theirs shall be defeat and shame :
We shall victors rise.

CHORUS.

Save the King, O God most high !
Hear us in our fervent cry.

THANKSGIVING AFTER VICTORY.

Psalm xxvii.

JEHOVAH is my light :
My safeguard is His might :
Then wherefore should I be of man afraid ?
God is the citadel
In which by faith I dwell :
Why should I be at earth or hell dismayed ?

What time against me rose
My fierce and impious foes,
In mid career they met their overthrow.
Should adverse hosts again
Fill the embattled plain,
Nor terror nor distrust this heart shall know.

This is my cherished hope,
Of all my prayers the scope ;
To dwell for ever near Jehovah's seat,—
Frequent the holy rites
In which my heart delights,
And guidance of His oracles entreat.

In time of my distress,
The sanctuary's recess
Should an asylum to my soul afford.
And what though foes assail,
I shall one day prevail,
And in his courts sing praises to the Lord.

O Lord ! in mercy hear,
And for my help appear.
Hast Thou not bidden me to seek Thy face ?
“ I will,” my heart replied.
Thy face no longer hide,
Nor from thy throne, in wrath, Thy suppliant chase.

Through many a trying scene
Thou hast my Helper been :
Leave me not, Thou on whom my hopes depend !
Yea, though of friends bereft,
By father, mother left,
My Heavenly Parent will my cause befriend.

Thy way, Thy will unfold,
And all my steps uphold.
Guide Thou my feet, for watchful are my foes.
From dark conspiracy,
O Lord, deliver me,
Nor to the perjured tongue my name expose.

Thus faith sustained my prayer,
And saved me from despair.
Still shall I live his praise to celebrate.
Be of courageous heart ;
The Lord will strength impart.
Wait on the Lord, yea, confidently wait.

NON NOBIS, DOMINE.

Psalm cxv.

Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord,
But let fresh glory to Thy name accrue.
For Thy own mercy's sake, O God, afford
Thy saving help ; to shew that Thou art true.
Why should the heathen that around us dwell,
Say, Where is now the God of Israel ?

Our God is in the heavens ; there stands His throne ;
Controlling all things by His sovereign will.

But theirs are idol gods of wood or stone.

The sculptor's cunning, or the goldsmith's skill,
Gives to the molten deity its mould,—
A man of silver, or a calf of gold.

Lips have they, but which never move in speech ;
Eyes, but in them no conscious meanings dwell ;
Ears that the votary's prayer can never reach,
Nor can their nostrils the rich incense smell.
Powerless those hands ; those feet have never stirr'd ;
Nor from their throat the oracle is heard.

Such are their gods : the makers are the same :

Let all who worship them become as dust.

O Israël, trust in Jehovah's Name,

Thy help and shield. O house of Aaron, trust
Only in Him, with all who fear the Lord ;
Your help to succour, and your shield to ward.

The Lord, who hath remembered us for good,
His mercy still to Israel will shew :
Will bless His servants and the multitude
Of them that fear Him, whether high or low.
Rich blessings on their offspring shall descend,
Who call the Maker of the world their Friend.

Most high above all heavens our God doth reign.
This beauteous earth to Adam's race He gave,
That man might praise Him. Lord ! Thy people
slain,
How shall they praise Thee in the silent grave ?
But we Thy saving mercy will adore,
And celebrate Thy praise for evermore.

PRAISE THE LORD.

Psalm cl.

PRAISE the Lord !

Praise His name who dwells in light :

Praise the Lord who built the sky.

Praise Him for His deeds of might :

Praise His glorious majesty.

Swell the chorus to the sound

Of the trumpet's thrilling voice :

Bid harp and dulcimer rejoice,

And timbrel to the pipe rebound.

Nor let the silver-stringed lute

Or pipe of many reeds be mute.

Let the cymbals sweetly ring.

All the powers of music bring ;

And let every breathing thing

Praise the Lord.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

“ Is any among you afflicted ? let him pray. Is any merry ? let him sing psalms.”—James v. 13.

ART thou merry ? Child of earth,
 Wouldst thou long enjoy thy mirth ?
 Vent the high and gladsome mood
 In the joy of gratitude.
 Raise the song of triumph ; raise
 The hymn in glad accord.
 Oh, 'tis good His Name to praise :
 Be joyful in the Lord.

Art thou sad, with cares opprest,
 Seeking comfort, wanting rest ?
 Pray, and thou shalt find relief :
 In this channel spend thy grief.
 Take the blessed peace and strength
 God's promises afford.
 Those that sorrow, shall at length
 Be joyful in the Lord.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

“ IT IS HE THAT HATH MADE US.”

Psalm c. 3.

OH, give thanks to Him, who made
Morning light and evening shade ;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food ;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

Oh, give thanks to Nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing :
His, our warm and sentient frame ;
His, the mind's immortal flame.
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !

Oh, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship ;
And all creatures are his care.
Not a bird that cleaves the air,
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?

Oh, give thanks to Him who came,
In a mortal, suffering frame,
Temple of the Deity,—
Came for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back his saints to God.

“ IT IS A GOOD THING TO GIVE THANKS UNTO
THE LORD.”

Psalm xcii.

'Tis good with thanks and praise
To magnify Thy name, O God most high !
Each morn the hymn of thankfulness to raise,
And to repeat the song when evening veils the sky.

'Tis sweet, with harp and verse,
In all Thy loving-kindness to rejoice ;
With tuneful strings Thy favours to rehearse,
Or in full anthem wake the organ's solemn voice.

Thy works, O Lord, impart
A holy gladness. In Thy glorious deeds
My soul exults. O God ! how great Thou art !
Thy wisdom infinite our highest thought exceeds.

But blind and erring man
Knoweth Thee not, nor understands Thy ways ;
Yet boldly dares with impious thought to scan
Thy Providential rule, because Thy wrath delays.

Like grass the wicked bloom,
With rapid growth, in evanescent pride :
So, like the faded herbage is their doom ,
The fuel of that wrath which madly they defied.

But Thou, O Lord, dost reign
For ever. Scattered all Thy foes shall be.

Thou wilt exalt my head, my cause maintain ;
Crown me with joy, and give me more than victory.

The righteous shall be seen
Like fruitful palms, with lasting honours crowned,
Or undecaying cedars, ever green :
Thrice happy those who stand on Zion's holy ground !

Planted by Thy right hand,
To latest age they shall proclaim Thy praise,
Still green and fruitful. For Thy word must stand ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth, and righteous all Thy ways.

“ BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL.”

Psalm ciii.

My soul, in sacred lays,
Come, hymn Jehovah's praise :
Let all thy powers unite to praise thy Lord.
Praise Him for mercies past :
While memory's power shall last,
Fail not his countless favours to record.

Praise Him who passes by
All thine iniquity ;
Whose healing mercy snatched thee from the grave.
Praise Him with grateful songs,
Who still thy day prolongs,
And with new mercies crowns the life He gave.

Praise Him, for He is good,
Who still provides thy food,
And, like the eagle's, renovates thy youth.
Praise Him, for He is just,
In whom the helpless trust ;
Whose throne is righteousness, whose word is truth.

Praise Him, who did of old
To Israel unfold
His holy counsels and his wondrous ways.
His love, how rich and free !
How great his clemency !
Nor long, when moved to wrath, He hides his
face.

His chastisements how few,
If measured by our due !
For, high as the starr'd firmament is built,
And far remote as lies
The east from western skies,
His mercies rise, His grace removes our guilt.

Transcendently above
An earthly parent's love,
The tender pity that Jehovah bears
To those who fear His Name.
He knows our earth-born frame,
Who reared it, and His fragile creature spares.

For soon man's little day
Is spent : the floweret gay
Is the fit emblem of his transient pride.
Let but the blast sweep o'er,
It droops ; it blooms no more ;
And soon the dust shall its frail relics hide.

But in eternal course,
Eternity its source,
Flows the rich stream of love and grace divine ;
And children's children bless
Jehovah's faithfulness
To those who keep His word, nor from His ways
decline.

The Lord hath fixed on high
His throne of majesty :
O'er all created things He reigns alone.
Praise Him, ye sons of light,
Whom He hath clothed with might ;
On his high errands bent, or waiting round His throne.

Give to Him praise and thanks,
O all ye shining ranks
Of spirits ministrant. Above, abroad,
Let all His works proclaim
Jehovah's glorious Name.
Join thou the general song, my soul, and praise thy
God.

“BLESS THE LORD, YE HIS ANGELS THAT EXCEL
IN STRENGTH.”

Psalm ciii. 20.

ANGELS, ye who ne'er can know
Aught that sinks our hearts below,
Mars our music, chains our tongue ;
With your high, immortal powers,
With your harps for ever strung,
Praise your glorious Lord and ours.

Not to your bright hosts belong
Higher themes of grateful song,
Not to your exalted race
Such mysterious mercy came ;
Yet you hailed the wondrous grace,
And adored our Saviour's name.

Let Him not those praises lose,
Which ungrateful men refuse.
Praise Him, Heaven, for Earth is mute ;
Or is loud in groans and cries,
Sounds that ill with praises suit :
Praise Him, O ye happier skies !

In this low and grosser air,
All our breath exhales in prayer.

Wants and woes, and hopes and fears,
Still our joyous thanks repress :

In your bright, untroubled spheres,
Ye have but to serve and bless.

Oft, when praises I would bring,
Tears will gush forth as I sing :

Then, the gratitude I feel,
Makes me long for coming days,
When, with all an angel's zeal,
I shall hymn my Saviour's praise.

“ THY HANDS HAVE MADE ME AND FASHIONED
ME.”

Psalm cxix. 73.

FROM Thee, my God, from Thee
My comforts come. 'Tis sweet to be
Fed and supported by Thy hand.

Thine is the air I breathe, the earth on which I stand.

This worthless life of mine,
It is the care of Love Divine.
Those watchful eyes that never sleep,
Guard all my path, and my defenceless slumbers
keep.

By Thy safe guidance led,
In Duty's quiet course I tread ;
And while Thy wise designs I wait,
The rugged path grows smooth, the crooked places
straight.

To Thee I yield my soul :
Oh, let Thy Spirit's sweet control
Rule every impulse of my heart,
And to my spirit, Lord, the life of life impart.

I hang upon Thy power ;
I need Thy mercy hour by hour.
On Thee, I feel, and joy to feel,
Depends my daily peace, my everlasting weal.

Ah yes, I am but dust ;
But Thou, O God, art all my trust.
Nought can from Thee my soul divide,
Since that dear Saviour lives, who once for sinners died.

“ O LORD, THOU HAST SEARCHED ME AND
KNOWN ME.”

Psalm cxxxix.

THY searching eyes my inmost soul inspect :
My every movement, Lord, is known to Thee.
Thou from afar canst every thought detect :
I walk or rest beneath Thy scrutiny.
Thought's faintest whisper by Thine ear is heard,
And known to Thee each yet unuttered word.

By Thee I am surrounded : yea, Thy hand
Is on me laid. Thee every where I find.
Knowledge like this, ah ! who can understand ?
What creature fathom the Eternal Mind ?
Lord, whither from Thy Spirit should I flee ?
How shun Thy presence ?—where escape from Thee ?

Could I climb heaven's ethereal altitude,
There doth Thy glory reign. Or should I dare
Plunge in hell's dark abyss, Thee to elude,
Thy dreadful presence would enfold me there.
Or could I, with the morn, on wings of light,
To Nature's confines urge my distant flight,—

Ev'n there, Thy right hand, Lord, must be my stay.
Should I to shroud my head in darkness try,
And, with the forest herds, make night my day,
Darkness is no concealment from Thine eye.
Alike to Him who light and darkness made,
The blaze of noon and midnight's deepest shade.

Thou, Lord, didst form my heart, my embryo frame
Didst shape : a fearful miracle the whole.
Sublime Thy works ! Let all my powers proclaim
Thy praise, while grateful wonder fills my soul.
In darkness was this curious texture wrought,
Like treasures from earth's deepest caverns brought.

Yet did Thine eye the secret process view,
From the rude germ in which it first began,
Still day by day unfolding, till it grew
To the full measure of Thy perfect plan :
Forewritten in Thy book the fixed decree,
Ere yet existent, when it was to be.

How sweet the wond'ers of Thy providence
To trace, and all Thy favours to recount !
But, Lord, they rise innumerable, immense :
Like Ocean's sands, the untold numbers mount.
Such thoughts by night my sleepless hours employ,
And to Thy presence I awake with joy.

But for the wicked there is wrath in store :
To the oppressor, God will say—Depart ;
Men who blaspheme Him whom the Heavens adore :
Profane of tongue, and of obdurate heart.
Do not I hate those who their God oppose ?
Does not my spirit burn against Thy foes ?

Yea, I abhor them utterly, nor dare

Count as my friends the enemies of Heaven.

Lord, search my heart ; to Thee that heart lies bare ;

And cleanse my spirit from its sinful leaven.

See in my soul what yet there lurks amiss,

And lead, Oh lead me in the path to bliss.

“ I WILL PRAISE THEE WITH MY WHOLE HEART.”

Psalm cxxxviii.

WITH my whole heart I will Thy praises sing,

O Thou my God and King !

Before the powers of earth and heaven, my voice

Shall in Thy praise rejoice.

Up to Thy Temple in the skies,

Shall soar my heart's glad sacrifice.

For all Thy mercy, all thy faithfulness,

Thy holy Name I bless.

Thou far above all worshipped names beside,

Thy word hast glorified.

Thou didst my deep affliction see,

And with thy might didst strengthen me.

Kings of the earth, while I Thy works proclaim,

Shall join to praise Thy name.

They too shall learn thy wonders to record,

For glorious is the Lord.

Heaven is His throne ; yet hath He bowed

To bless the meek, but scorns the proud.

Thou wilt uphold me when by troubles pressed,

And comfort me distressed.

Thine outstretch'd arm will from my foes defend,

And save me to the end.

The work Thy grace did undertake,

O Lord ! Thou never wilt forsake.

“I LOVE THE LORD.”

Psalm cxvi.

I LOVE the Lord, for He hath heard my cry,

And bowed His ear, and listened to my prayer.

Shall I not trust in Him ? Yes, till I die,

Unto His mercy-seat I will repair,

To tell Him all my wants, and spread my sorrows there.

The shades of death around me fell ;
I seemed as on the verge of hell ;
By pain with fiery fetters bound,
And darkness and distress around.
Then did my soul His succour crave :
“ Lord God Almighty, hear and save !”
Great is His grace ; His ways are right ;
In mercy doth our God delight.
The Guardian of the meek ; ’twas He,
When I was brought low, succoured me.

Now, O my soul, enjoy the sweet repose
Of gratitude and love. Dismiss thy fears.
The Lord hath more than recompensed my woes,
Rescued my soul from death, and dried my tears,
Upheld my sinking steps, and lengthened out my years.

Yes, I shall live to praise His Name,
I said : and faith’s reviving flame
Inspired my lips. For, sorely tried,
All hope had long within me died ;
And rashly I was fain to deem
All men deceivers ; Truth, a dream.

Oh, how shall I the Lord requite
For mercies countless, infinite ?
Still shall His praise my lips employ ;
And, as the votive cup of joy
I raise, and bless my Saviour's name,
Before his saints I will proclaim
His mercy : in Jehovah's house,
My offerings shall fulfil my vows.

Not lightly is the blood of saints esteemed

By Him they serve. And, Lord, am I not thine ?
Thy servant, in Thy household born, redeemed
By Thee from death ? Yes, freely I resign
Henceforth to Thee, my God, this ransomed life of mine.

To Thee each morning I will bring
A grateful heart's thank-offering.
Before Thy people, in Thy house,
I will perform my solemn vows.
Salem, thy sons with sweet accord
Shall join my song, and praise the Lord.

“ I WILL EXTOL THEE, O LORD, FOR THOU HAST
LIFTED ME UP.”

Psalm xxx.

RAISED from the dust, I bless my Saviour's name.

Thou, Lord, didst interpose

To disappoint my foes !

On Thee I call'd, and Thou hast healed my frame.

Yes, 'twas Thy power revived my failing breath ;

Thy voice recalled me from the gate of death.

Oh, sing unto the Lord, ye saints of His :

In notes of triumph bless

His truth, His holiness.

Brief is His anger, and His smile is bliss.

Sorrow may be the inmate of the night,

But Joy returneth with the morrow's light.

I thought, in my prosperity secure,
Nothing my peace could shake.
Thy favour, Lord ! did make
My seeming strength, which promised to endure,
Firm as a mountain-fort. Thou didst but hide
Thy face, and all my hope and spirit died.

Then called I on the Lord : What benefit
Can from my blood accrue ?
O God, should death ensue,
Could my dust praise Thee from the noisome pit ?
Oh, can the grave Thy faithfulness record ?
Have mercy on me, be my helper, Lord !

Lo ! Thou hast turned my mourning into joy ;
Exchanged my garb of sadness
For the girt robes of gladness,
That so Thy praise might every power employ.
O Lord my God, be it my life's endeavour,
To give Thee thanks, and praise Thy name for ever.

“ REJOICE IN THE LORD, YE RIGHTEOUS.”

Psalm xxxiii.

Songs of rejoicing raise,
 Saints, to your God, for praise
 Becomes the righteous. Let each tuneful string
 And breathing pipe be made
 The voice of praise to aid.
 Sing a new song ; in full-toned chorus sing.

Perfect, the ordaining word
 And doings of the Lord ;
 Righteous his rule, and justice his delight.
 His goodness fills the earth.
 He spake the heavens to birth,
 And fixed their starry hosts in orbits bright.

He built the watery heap ;
Gave limits to the deep :
He treasures up the fulness of the sea.
Let Earth her Maker fear,
Her tribes His power revere,
Who spake, 'twas made, and stood by His decree.

What then His saints can hurt ?
The Lord can disconcert
The deepest schemes in which His foes engage.
His purposes are sure :
His counsels shall endure.
How blest the nation of His heritage !

The Lord from Heaven surveys
All mortals and their ways.
He framed the heart, and all its thoughts can read.
Vainly the monarch boasts
The myriads of his hosts :
The mighty are not saved by strength or speed.

Lo ! an All-seeing eye
Is *their* security,
Who fear the Lord, and in His grace confide.
What danger can they dread ?
His people shall be fed,
Though famine rage, by heavenly care supplied.

Our soul awaits His will,
Our help and shield ; and still
With joyful heart in Him our trust shall be.
That trust He will reward :
Then let Thy mercy, Lord,
Be on us, even as we hope in Thee.

“ THE LORD IS HIGH ABOVE ALL NATIONS.”

Psalm cxiii.

HALLELUJAH. Raise, Oh raise
To our God the song of praise :
All his servants, join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.

Blessed be for evermore
That dread Name which we adore !
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne :
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty ?

Yet to view the heavens He bends ;
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land ;
Wealth upon the needy shower ;
Set the meanest high in power.

He the broken spirit cheers ;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears.
Such the wonders of his ways !
Praise His Name ;—for ever praise.

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL.

Psalm xxiii.

WITH God for my Shepherd, I never can need.
He finds the fresh pastures where daily I feed.
By soft-flowing waters he chooses my track,
And leads, if I stray, his poor wanderer back.
He guides me aright in the path I should take,
The pathway of life, for His faithfulness' sake.
Yea, though the dark ravines of death I should tread,
If Thou, Lord, art with me, no peril I'll dread.
I'll think on Thy rod and Thy staff of defence ;
And these shall new courage and comfort dispense.
Thou spreadest my board in the sight of my foes :
My head Thou anointest ; my cup overflows.
Still goodness shall follow, where'er I may roam,
And the house of the Lord be for ever my home.

THE SAME.

(WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.)

THE Lord is my Shepherd, and I am His sheep.
 His flock He from want and from danger will keep.
 In pastures all verdant by night I abide,
 And He chooses my path where the cool waters glide.

If ever I wander, as silly sheep roam,
 He seeks His poor truant, and follows me home ;
 Then shews by His footsteps the way I should take,
 And, true to his promise, will never forsake.

When, gloomy my path, the deep valleys I tread,
 All darkness before, and the rocks over head,
 My Shepherd is with me ; why fear any ill ?
 His crook and His staff they shall comfort me still.

My enemies frown ; but they can do no more :
 My wants are supplied till my cup runneth o'er.
 Surely goodness and mercy my days shall attend,
 Till I reach the bright mansions of joy without end.

“ HE LEFT NOT HIMSELF WITHOUT WITNESS, IN
THAT HE GAVE US FRUITFUL SEASONS.”

Acts xiv. 17.

O THOU who givest all their food,
Causing Thy sun to shine
Upon the evil and the good,
Earth's teeming stores are Thine.

Thy covenant to man secures
The harvest of his toil :
Thy faithful word, while earth endures,
With plenty clothes the soil.

The wintry frost, the flowery prime,
Alike Thy laws obey.
Each herb and blossom knows its time,
And feels the quickening ray.

Revolving seasons still proclaim
Thy all-sustaining word.
Seed-time and harvest speak Thy name—
The promise-keeping Lord.

“THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.”

Psalm xix.

THE heavens declare His glory,
 Their Maker's skill the skies :
 Each day repeats the story,
 And night to night replies.
 Their silent proclamation
 Throughout the earth is heard ;
 The record of Creation,
 The page of Nature's word.

There, from his bright pavilion,
 Like Eastern bridegroom clad,
 Hailed by Earth's thousand million,
 The Sun sets forth : right glad,
 His glorious race commencing,
 The mighty giant seems ;
 Through the vast round dispensing
 His all-pervading beams.

So pure, so soul-restoring,
Is Truth's diviner ray ;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day :
The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise ;
And, evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

Thy word is richer treasure
Than lurks within the mine ;
And daintiest fare less pleasure
Yields, than this food divine.
How wise each kind monition !
Led by Thy counsels, Lord,
How safe the Saints' condition,
How great is their reward !

But past transgressions pain me.
Lord ! cleanse my heart within ;
And evermore restrain me
From all presumptuous sin.

So let my whole behaviour,
Thoughts, words, and actions be,
O God, my strength and Saviour,
Acceptable to Thee.

COLLECT.

LORD of all power and might,
All potent to deliver ;
In goodness infinite ;
Of every good the Giver :
Teach us to love Thy Name :
Make grace within us flourish.
Our languid zeal inflame :
With truth our spirits nourish.
Of Thy great mercy kept
By faith unto salvation ;
Through Jesus Christ accept
Our song of adoration.

“THOU ART MY GOD, I WILL PRAISE THEE.”

Psalm cxviii. 23.

TELL me not that God is great :
 Fallen and abject is my state.
 Tell me not that He is good :
 I that bounty have withstood.
 Say not, He is pure and just :
 I am darkness, guilt, and dust.
 God is Mercy, and forgives :—
 Now my soul revives, and lives.

Now, reversed my hopeless state,
 I can joy that God is great.
 Now His goodness I can bless ;
 Triumph in His holiness.
 I no more His justice fear ;
 And His faithfulness, how dear !
 Now, O God, my God, this heart
 Joys to know Thee all Thou art.

“ THE BRIGHTNESS OF HIS GLORY, AND THE
EXPRESS IMAGE OF HIS PERSON.”

Heb. i. 3.

THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's Only Son ;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven's Beloved One.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

In Thee most perfectly expressed,
The Father's glories shine ;
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally Divine.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

True Image of the Infinite,
Whose Essence is concealed ;
Brightness of Uncreated Light ;
The Heart of God revealed.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

But the high mysteries of Thy name
An Angel's grasp transcend :
The Father only—glorious claim !
The Son can comprehend.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

Yet, loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy glorious worshippers above
As One with Thee are blest.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and Sun,
The' eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven's Beloved One :—
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

HYMNS OF PRAYER.

“ I AM THINE, SAVE ME.”

Psalm cxix. 94.

CREATOR of all being,
My Maker, God all-seeing,
 My source, my rest !
Thy grace in me fulfil :
Re-mould me to thy will,
 And make me blest.

Redeemer of the lost,
Thy blood the ransom's cost,
 Thy grace afford.
The faith, the virtue give,
On Thee, to Thee to live,
 My life, my Lord !

Spirit of quickening might,
Fountain of love and light,
 Thyself impart ;

And with thine influence sweet,
Most blessed Paraclete,
Possess my heart.

Almighty Father, Word,
And Spirit, each adored,
In Godhead one :
Throughout creation's frame,
All glory to Thy name,
Thy will be done.

THE CHRISTIAN PARADOX.

"Not of works, lest any man should boast."—Eph. ii. 9.

"Well done, good and faithful servant."—Matt. xxv. 21.

FREE mercy,—all-sufficient grace,—
In these, in these my trust I place :
Mercy that cancels all account
Of debt or deed ;
And Grace, an ever-flowing fount
For all my need.

Vain were the guilty thought, and weak,
Thy love with boastful claim to seek ;
To compensate for wasted years
 By service base ;
To bribe thy justice with my tears,
 Or earn thy grace.

Shall rebel man to Heaven's high King
His deeds in satisfaction bring ?
Oh what could turn Thy wrath aside ?
 So dread, so just !
Not flaming worlds. But Jesus died
 For guilty dust.

Thou didst the sacrifice provide,
Which Thine own justice satisfied.
Unbought that love : yet, Oh the price !
 The gift most free ;
The ransom might for worlds suffice ;
 Then sure for me.

Yes, I am blood-bought : shall I try
That sovereign, self-sprung love to buy?
Lord, I renounce my worthless plea :

Receive thy child :—

For Thou, my Father, now I see,
Art reconciled.

Yet to thy children, bounteous Lord,
Thy promise speaks of high reward ;
Of toils requited, thanks received

For service done ;

Plaudits and palms for deeds achieved
And victories won.

By mercy saved, yet may I dare
Aspire the victor's wreath to wear?
Lord, in Thy strength I'll strive to earn

The heavenly crown ;

Then, at Thy feet, in glad return,
Will cast it down.

“ THE COMFORTER.”

John xiv. 26.

OH breathe upon this languid frame,
Spirit of heavenly might !
Baptize me with the vital flame
Of purity and light.

Descend like Heaven's self-kindled fire
On my heart's sacrifice,
Till self in flames of love expire,
In clouds of incense rise.

Spring up within this flinty heart,
Well-spring of life divine !
Health to my feeble pulse impart !
Light out of darkness shine !

O Light and Power ! O Life and Love !
Of every good the Source !
Vouchsafe me succours from above,
To speed me on my course.

Instruct me, rule me, guide my feet :

My every thought control :

My Teacher, Patron, Paraclete !

Possess and guard my soul.

Spirit of Christ, sent forth from Him,

Yet uncreate, Divine !

Thine are the songs of Seraphim :

All human praise be thine.

COLLECT.

O GOD, to whom our hearts lie all revealed,
From whom no secret wish can be concealed,
Cleanse Thou our inmost thoughts by heavenly grace,
And make our hearts Thy Spirit's dwelling place :
That we may love Thee with a sacred-flame,
And magnify, through Christ, Thy holy name.

“THERE AM I IN THE MIDST OF THEM.”

Matt. xviii. 20.

WHERESOEVER two or three
Meet, a Christian company,
Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee.

Gracious Saviour, hear !

When with friends beloved we stray,
Talking down the closing day,
Saviour, meet us in the way.

Gracious Saviour, hear !

When, amid the gloom of night,
Storms arise, and perils fright,
Let thy voice our hearts delight.

Gracious Saviour, hear !

In the festive hour, refine
Earthly love to joy divine :
Turn the water into wine.

Gracious Saviour, hear !

In the time of lonely grief,
Let Thy presence bring relief:
Then shall longest nights seem brief.

Gracious Saviour, hear !

When the world and life recede,
Saviour, in our hour of need,
Then be visible indeed.

Gracious Saviour, hear !

COLLECT.

To all Thy faithful people, Lord,
Pardon and peace impart ;
And by Thy Spirit shed abroad
Thy love in every heart :
That they, from conscious guilt made clean,
May serve thee with a mind serene.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

O THOU Divine High Priest !

To Thee I lift mine eyes.

Admit me to the blessed feast

Of Thine own sacrifice.

Break Thou to me the bread,

Type of Thy bruised frame.

Give me to hope that Thou hast bled,

To save my soul from shame.

Lord, while this cup goes round,

My inmost spirit try !

Can there be here one traitor found ?

Oh say, Lord, is it I ?

Horror is in that thought.

Lord of all grace and might,

Who with Thy blood my soul hast bought,

Assert, secure Thy right.

Save me, for I am Thine :

Forgive, accept me now :

And let this sacred bread and wine

Seal and insure my vow.

“HE WAS KNOWN OF THEM IN BREAKING OF
BREAD.”

Luke xxiv. 36.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, depart :
Make not the House of Prayer thy mart.
Lord of the Temple and the Day !
Drive the intrusive crowd away.

Fain would I find a calm retreat
From vain distractions near thy feet,
And, borne above all earthly care,
Be joyful in thy house of prayer.

Lord ! in this blest and hallowed hour,
Reveal thy presence and thy power.
Shew to my faith thy hands and side,
My Lord and God, the Crucified !

Or let me, through the opening skies,
Catch one bright glimpse of Paradise,
And realize, with raptured awe,
The vision dying Stephen saw.

But, if unworthy of such joy,
Still shall Thy love my heart employ ;
For, of thy favoured children's fare,
'Twere bliss the very crumbs to share.

Yet never can my soul be fed
With less than Thee, the Living Bread.
Thyself unto my soul impart,
And with Thy presence fill my heart.

COLLECT.

¹⁸ And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets.¹⁹

Eph. ii. 20.

ALMIGHTY God, who on the Eternal Rock
Of what Apostles taught, by Seers foreshown,
Hast built Thy Church, secure from every shock,
Christ Jesus being the head corner-stone :
Grant that, as stones instinct with life Divine,
Cemented by their doctrine, we may be
A holy fane, Thy Spirit's living shrine,
Through Christ our Lord, acceptable to Thee.

" THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH."

Col. ii. 19.

HEAD of the Church, our risen Lord !
Who by Thy Spirit dost preside
O'er the whole body ; by whose word
They all are ruled and sanctified !

Our prayers and intercessions hear
For all thy family at large ;
That each, in his appointed sphere,
His proper service may discharge.

So, through the grace derived from Thee,
In whom all fulness dwells above,
May Thy whole Church united be,
And edify itself in love.

“ LORD, THOU HAST BEEN OUR DWELLING-PLACE
IN ALL GENERATIONS.”

Psalm xc.

IN every age, O Lord, Thou to our race
Hast been a refuge and a dwelling-place.
Before the mountain pillars of the earth
Were reared, before the universe had birth,
In uncreated majesty apart,
From everlasting, Thou for ever art.
But Adam's feeble race, Thy sentence just
Resolves to their original, the dust.
For what is life's brief term? What, in Thy sight,
Are ages? But as yesterday;—their flight
Has left no trace;—a watch-tide of the night.
Swift as a flood, and shadowy as a dream,
Fading, like herbage in the noon-tide beam,
Its pomp and glory; morn beholds it rise
And flourish; ere the evening hour, it dies.
Even thus beneath Thy righteous wrath we fade.
For lo! our sins before Thee are arrayed,
Our secret sins in Thy full light displayed.

Hence, withered by Thy frown, our shortened span
Shrinks to a fleeting vapour. Feeble man
His seventy years soon spends ; or, if more strong,
To late fourscore he may his toils prolong,
Mid sins and sorrows ; yet, how quickly past
That lengthened term ! the patriarch dies at last.
But who the power of Thy displeasure fears ?
Who with becoming awe Thy name reveres ?
Lord, teach us life's true estimate, that we
May give our hearts to wisdom and to Thee.

How long shall man be from Thy face exiled,
Ere to Thy children Thou art reconciled ?
Oh satisfy us early with Thy grace :
So shall our hearts be joyful all our days.
Save thine afflicted people ; let them know
Long days of gladness after years of woe.
Thy works of might display ; fulfil Thy word ;
And to our children shew Thy glory, Lord !
Oh, let Thy favour beam on us, and bless
The labours of our hands with glad success.

COLLECT.

"I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked."—Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

ETERNAL God, who hatest
 No work that thou createst ;
 And grantest free remission
 To all who feel contrition :
 Make these hard hearts relenting,
 That we, our sins lamenting,
 Our wretchedness deploring,
 Thy boundless grace adoring,
 May peace divine inherit,
 Through our Redeemer's merit !

"DO NOT ABHOR US, FOR THY NAME'S SAKE."

Jer. xiv. 21.

LORD ! for Thy name's sake. Such the plea,
 With force triumphant fraught,
 By which Thy saints prevail with Thee,
 By Thine own Spirit taught.

For this Thou didst existence give
To Nature's wondrous frame ;
And all things shine, and breathe, and live,
To glorify Thy Name.

For this the Saviour lived and died,
That, in a new-born race,
Thy mercy might be glorified,
Thine all-victorious grace.

Then for Thy name's sake, O our God,
Do not abhor our prayer ;
But, while we bow beneath Thy rod,
Thy chastened people spare.

Oh, for Thy name's sake, richly grant
The unction from above.
Fulfil Thy holy covenant,
And glorify Thy love.

PLEADING THE COVENANT.

“ To such as keep his covenant.”—Psalm ciii. 17.

O THOU whose covenant is sure
 To all who fear Thy name ;
 Whose mercies age on age endure,
 Eternally the same :

Thou art our Father's God ; we plead
 That title : we are Thine.
 Pour down Thy Spirit on our seed,
 And sanctify our line.

In Thee our fathers put their trust :
 Thy ways they humbly trod.
 Honoured and sacred is their dust,
 And still they live to God.

Heirs to their faith, their hope, their prayers,
 We the same path pursue.
 Entail the blessing to our heirs :
 Lord ! shew Thy promise true.

“ CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM, FOR HE
CARETH FOR YOU,”

1 Peter v. 7.

WHEN anxious thoughts the bosom fill,
And skies look dark above,
How sweet, reposing on His will,
To feel that God is Love !
To Him our mean affairs
Are most minutely known :
He weighs the burden of our cares,
And numbers every groan.

When fails each earthly confidence,
And friends grow cool and strange,
I rest on Thine Omnipotence,
On Love that cannot change.
This trust can ne'er delude ;
Thy goodness is most wise ;
And in thy bounteous plenitude
My wealth, my portion lies.

Oh, let me still a Father's hand
In all Thy ways perceive ;
And, when I cannot understand,
Be humble, and believe :
Till what I know not now,
Shall all be clearly shewn,
When at Thy throne my soul shall bow,
And know as I am known.

COLLECT.

O God, Protector of the lowly,
Of all that trust in Thee ;
Without whom nothing strong or holy,
And nothing good can be :
Guide Thou our steps to heavenly glory,
And teach us so to choose,
As not for pleasures transitory,
Eternal bliss to lose.

“LORD, MY HEART IS NOT HAUGHTY.”

Psalm cxxxi.

THOU, Lord, my witness art,
 I am not proud of heart ;
 Nor pass with scornful eye
 My meaner fellow by ;
 Nor rashly interfere
 With things above my sphere ;
 Nor in vain pomp delight,
 Or grandeur's slippery height.

Lowly, subdued, and mild,
 Even as the weaned child,
 Taught to forego his will,
 My soul is meek and still.
 Oh thus, with humble mind,
 Confiding, yet resigned,
 Israel ! on God Most High,
 For evermore rely.

“ THIS THEN IS THE MESSAGE THAT GOD IS
LIGHT, AND IN HIM IS NO DARKNESS AT ALL..”

1 John i. 5.

OH for the spirit of a child,—
A heart entirely reconciled
 To Thee and to Thy will,
Most blessed God ! and, springing thence,
A loving, steadfast confidence,
 All restless thoughts to still.

And can a doubt this truth obscure,—
That God is light from darkness pure,
 Love joined with power supreme ?
Where, then, could hope or reason rest ?
But in this knowledge I am blest.
 To doubt were to blaspheme.

This faith of love, O God, impart,
That I may joy in all Thou art,
 And all Thou art adore.
So shall this be my constant song :
God is, and I to God belong,
 My God for evermore.

“ AS THE HART PANTETH FOR THE WATER
BROOKS.

Psalm xlii.—iii.

As for the distant water pants the desert's fleet gazelle,
So longs my heart for Thee, O God ! within Thy courts
to dwell.

Like her I thirst, but thirst for Thee, the Source of life
and joy.

Oh, when among Thy saints again shall praise my tongue
employ ?

But here my tears have been my drink, my solace night
and day ;

While, Where is now thy God ? I hear the taunting
heathen say.

I think upon the happy days, and mourn the Sabbaths
fled,

When to the house of God with songs the joyous train
I led.

Yet, why dejected, O my soul ? Why faint beneath the
rod ?

Hope on, for I shall praise Him still, my Helper and
my God.

But, O my God, the thought of Thee with grief my
bosom fills,

Here beyond Jordan's fountains, amid Hermon's rocky
hills.

Around the gathering waters roar, and glen to glen
replies ;

But deeper waters whelm my soul, and floods of trouble
rise.

Once in Thy loving-kindness blest, swift flew my days
along :

Amid the watches of the night, Thy praise inspired my
song.

But now I cry, O God my Rock, why hast Thou cast
me off,

To groan beneath oppression, and endure the impious
scoff ?

Keen as a sword the cruel taunt, repeated day by day :
Where is the God he trusted in ? my foes insulting say.
Yet, why art thou cast down, my soul ? Why faint
beneath the rod ?

Hope on, for I shall praise Him still, my Helper and
my God.

Judge Thou my cause : right me, O God, against a
ruthless race.

Oh save me from a treacherous foe, unprincipled and
base.

For Thou my strength, my fortress art : why hast Thou
cast me off,

To groan beneath oppression, and endure the impious
scoff?

Send forth Thy light and truth, O Lord, to point and
guide my road ;

To lead me to Thy holy mount, even to Thy blest
abode.

Then at Thine altar, O my God, my harp and voice
shall raise

To Thee, the Author of my joy, triumphant hymns of
praise !

Then, why art thou cast down, my soul ? Why faint
beneath the rod ?

Hope on, for I shall praise Him still, my Saviour and
my God.

"HOW LONG WILT THOU FORGET ME?"

Psalm xiii.

How long wilt Thou forget me,
O Lord? For evermore?
For ever wilt Thou let me
Thine absent face deplore?
How long in fruitless wailing
Shall I consume the day?
By fraud or force prevailing,
How long my foes bear sway?

Oh! do not Thou forsake me!
Dispel this heavy gloom;
Lest fatal sleep o'ertake me,
The death-sleep of the tomb.
Lest then my foe insulting
Should boast his vile success,
And impious men exulting,
Triumph in my distress.

Lord, in my tribulation,
I trust Thy mercy still ;
And surely Thy salvation
My heart with joy shall fill.
Thine aid Thou didst afford me ;
Thy praises I will sing ;
And, for His mercy toward me,
Will bless my God and King.

“OUT OF THE DEEP.”

Psalm cxxx.

Out of the deep I sighed.
Hear me, O God, I cried :
Bend down a gracious ear.
To Thee I make confession :
Lord ! should'st Thou mark transgression,
What mortal could stand clear ?
But there is full remission ;
And sinners with contrition
May to Thy throne draw near.

His timely aid abiding,
In His sure word confiding,
I wait in meek suspense.
Those all the long night waking,
Watch for the morning's breaking
With longing less intense.

Israel! wait, unfearing,
Jehovah's kind appearing,
For Mercy is His name.
With Him is full redemption,
A rich and free exemption
From sorrow, guilt, and shame.

COLLECT.

O God, who dost thy sovereign might
And high prerogative
Most chiefly shew in thy delight
To pity and forgive :
Vouchsafe the aid Thy grace supplies,
So in Thy ways to run,
That we may win the heavenly prize,
Through Jesus Christ, thy Son.

“HAVE MERCY UPON ME, O GOD.”

Psalm li.

HAVE mercy on me, O thou God of grace !

Thy sovereign clemency is all I plead.

My dark transgressions from thy book efface :

Their multitude Thy mercies still exceed.

My crime I own ; it haunts me day and night ;

Acted in secret, yet beneath Thine eye.

Before the world I own thy judgements right,

And thy most righteous sentence justify.

Heir to a sinful nature, I was brought

Into this world, to evil pre-inclined.

But Thou requirest purity of thought :

Oh, let thy truth illumine this darkened mind.

As with blood-sprinkling hyssop, cleanse from sin

My leprous soul, that I may fall no more.

Wash me till I be pure as snow within,

And to my aching mind its health restore.

Oh, that my crimes were cancelled and forgot !

With a clean heart this guilty soul replace.
From Thy loved presence, Lord ! reject me not,
Nor take from me Thy Spirit and Thy grace.

Give me again that joy of heart to know,

When I thy paths with filial freedom trod.
Then to transgressors I Thy ways will shew,
And lead converted sinners back to God.

From blood, the guilt of blood, deliver me,

Thou God of my salvation ! All my days,
My tongue shall celebrate thy clemency.

Unclose my lips, and I will speak Thy praise.

No holocaust these guilty hands might bring,

Could as atonement with acceptance rise.

A contrite heart is my best offering :

A broken spirit Thou wilt not despise.

“BLESSED IS HE WHOSE TRANSGRESSION IS
FORGIVEN.”

Psalm xxxii.

How blest the man whose sins are all forgiven,
Whose guilt is cancelled, and whose pardon sure ;
Who stands acquitted in the court of Heaven,
Guileless his spirit, and his conscience pure.

While I concealed my guilt, my wasting frame
Betrayed my secret grief. By night, by day,
Thy hand was on me. Fear, remorse, and shame
Drank up my strength, like summer's scorching ray.

Till I at length resolved before Thy throne
The heavy burden of my sins to lay.
I'll go, and at His feet my fault will own,
I said ;—and Mercy met me on the way.

Much more will He who heard the sinner's cry,
Succour the pious in their hour of need.
The floods may rise, but they shall not come nigh :
Their foes may menace, but shall ne'er succeed.

Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord ! the tower
Of strength to which in trouble I may flee.
Thou wilt preserve me by Thy mighty power,
And compass me with songs of victory.

I will direct thee ; I will guide thy course ;
Mine eye shall follow thee. Oh, then, obey
The gracious voice, nor, like the' unreinéd horse,
Disdain the word, and wildly break away.

Sorrow still waits on sin ; but him whose trust
Is in the Lord, His guardian care secures.
Exult in God, ye righteous ! Raise, ye just,
The shout of triumph. Joy that God is yours.

“ JUDGE ME, O LORD.”

Psalm xxvi.

BE Thou my Judge ! Lord, I appeal to Thee,
For I have walked in mine integrity.
With conscience pure, I dare in Thee confide,
And, trusting in the Lord, I shall not slide.

Search me, O God ! through every hidden part :
Examine all the windings of my heart.
Thy favour have I still to life preferred,
And governed all my conduct by Thy word.
With the vain worldling I have ne'er been found,
Nor trod the base dissembler's dangerous ground :
My soul abhors their fellowship profane,
Nor will I sit amid the godless train.
My hands, not cleansed by outward rite alone,
But washed in innocence, before Thy throne,
O God ! in vows of gratitude I raise,
And tell Thy wonders in my song of praise.
Yes, Lord ! I love Thy house ; that sacred place
Where dwells Thy glory, and where beams Thy face.
So, never let my soul be doomed to dwell
With men whose dark society is hell ;—
The unjust, cruel, covetous, profane,
Whose hands are foul with bribes or murder's stain.
But I will still hold fast my innocence :
Oh let Thy mercy, Lord ! be my defence.
By Thee upheld, firm and unmoved I stand,
And, 'mid Thy people, bless Thy guardian hand.

“ LORD, I CRY UNTO THEE.”

Psalm cxli.

LORD! to thy throne I raise my cry :

Let not Thy help delay.

Give me to feel that Thou art nigh,

And hear me when I pray.

Like incense let my prayer arise,

Or smoke of evening sacrifice.

Lord! let Thy grace my lips restrain :

That dangerous portal guard :

Nor let my heart e'er entertain

Regret to be debarred

From doing all that sinners dare :

Nor let me in their revels share.

But let the righteous, if I err,

Rebuke me ; they shall find,

To richest perfumes I prefer

A friend severely kind.

So, when adversity is theirs,

I will repay them with my prayers.

And when, 'mid rocks and mountains drear,
Their chieftains are o'erthrown,
My song their fainting hearts shall cheer,
And they its music own.
—But now, like wood for fuel hewn,
Our whitening bones around are strewn.
Yet, Lord! to Thee I look for aid :
Preserve me from despair.
My cruel foes their toils have laid :
Oh save me from the snare.
Caught in their own nets let them be,
While I pass on, from danger free.

COLLECT.

O God, whose never-failing providence
Orders, controls all things on high, below!
Be Thou from every evil our defence ;
All needful good for Jesus' sake bestow.

“ LORD, HOW ARE THEY INCREASED WHO
TROUBLE ME.”

Psalm iii.

LORD, how my foes are multiplied !

They rise on every side.

How many say, For him remain

No hopes; his prayers are vain.

O Thou, my glory, my defence !

Shield me with Thine Omnipotence.

To God I made my sorrows known :

He heard me from His throne.

I laid me down, and calmly slept :

I woke, from danger kept.

His angels guard my safe repose ;

Nor will I fear ten thousand foes.

Arise, O God ! Thy power display,

And smite those beasts of prey.

Oh, break their teeth, destroy their power,

Who would Thy saints devour.

Salvation from the Lord descends :

His favour still his Church defends.

“ IN THEE HAVE I PUT MY TRUST.”

Psalm xxxi.

IN Thee, O Lord, I trust. Put not to shame
My hope, but vindicate thy righteous name.
Bow down thine ear, and speed the saving hour.
Be Thou my strong-hold and my safety-tower.
Thy guardian care my fortress will I make.
Lead me and guide me for thy glory's sake.
Entangled in the snares my foes have set,
O Thou my strength, release me from their net.
Into thy hand my spirit I commit,
Lord God of truth, who hast redeemed it.
Abhorred be those who trust in wood and stone :
All my reliance is on Thee alone.
So shall my joyful lips thy mercy bless,
Because thou hast considered my distress,
And hast not shut me up the helpless prey
Of cruel foes, but opened wide my way.
Have pity, Lord, and hear my sad complaint.
Mine eyes are dim with grief ; my heart grows faint ;

My years drag on in sorrow, while the same
Sad load consumes my strength, and wastes my frame.
My foes reproach me, and my neighbours shun :
I am the scorn or fear of every one.
By friends forgot, like those who long have died,
Or like a broken vessel cast aside.
Busy were slanderous tongues ; on all sides strife
And fear assailed me ; yea, they sought my life.
But in the Lord I trusted. Art thou not
My God, I said, and in Thy hand my lot ?
From fierce pursuers rescue me, and shed
The brightness of Thy favour on my head.
Preserve me for Thy mercy's sake : Thy name
I have invoked ; put not my hope to shame.
Let shame o'ertake the impious : mute in death
Be the false tongue, the proud insulter's breath.
How great the blessings that are kept in store
For them, O Lord, who fear thee, and before
The world their stedfast trust in thee repose !
Thou canst conceal them from their haughty foes ;
And in thy secret presence they shall hide
From fierce contention and the sons of pride.

Blessed be God : his kind and wondrous aid
Became my citadel. Rashly I said,
I am cut off, unheeded by Thine eye.
Even then Thine ear was open to my cry.
Oh love the Lord, ye saints : the faithful few
He will preserve, and give the proud their due.
Be of good courage : he will strength impart.
All ye who trust in God, be strong of heart.

COLLECT.

O God, from whom all that is good proceeds,—
Holy desires, wise counsels, righteous deeds,—
Grant unto us, who to Thy service live,
That heavenly peace which the world cannot give ;
That so, our hearts on meek obedience bent,
Safe in Thy care, by fear of man unmoved,
We here may pass our time in sweet content,
And through our Saviour's merits stand approved.

“TRULY GOD IS GOOD TO ISRAEL.”

Psalm lxxiii.

TRULY the Lord is good,—base doubts depart,—
 Is good to all who are of upright heart.
 But as for me, I had almost declined
 From virtue ; sceptic thoughts o’erspread my mind.
 For I grew envious of the proud and vain,
 Seeing the wicked prosper. No such pain
 And sore disease, I said, their days attend :
 In vigorous health their joyous life they spend.
 As if exempted from the common lot,
 The cares and ills of life they suffer not.
 Hence, like a chain of gold, their pride they bear,
 And bold oppression is the robe they wear.
 Voluptuous ease is in their looks ; their fond
 And towering wishes they have gone beyond.
 Corrupted by excess, they spurn restraint,
 Oppress the lowly, and condemn the saint.
 Their haughty blasphemies the heaven defy ;
 And their tongue preys on all beneath the sky.

The good are turned aside, and, forced to drain
The cup of bitterness, they thus complain :

“Doth God concern Himself with things below ?

Or can it be the Most High doth not know ?

See how the impious prosper—sinners these,

Who grow in wealth, and live in splendid ease.

Then where is virtue’s gain, where the defence

Of honest worth, the meed of innocence ?

My days with constant sorrows have been fraught,

And every morn has some fresh trial brought.”

—Should I such language hold, Lord, I should be

A traitor to Thine Israel and Thee.

Yet, still, the mystery my mind revolved,

Remained too hard to be by reason solved,

Till in the house of God I sought relief,

And into self-reproach was turned my grief.

There was I taught their end. I saw them stand

On slippery heights, a yawning gulf at hand.

How in a moment are the proud cast down,

Consumed beneath the terror of Thy frown !

Even as a dream the cheated mind forsakes

On waking, when, O Lord, Thy wrath awakes,

So shall the pageant of their greatness seem
Shadowy and vain, a scarce-remembered dream.
Thus was I troubled : I was sick at heart
Through my own folly : till Thou didst impart
A better mind, I lay beneath the rod,
Even like the brutes who cannot know their God.
Yet, still Thy gracious presence did enfold me,
And by my right-hand, Lord, Thou didst uphold me.
Through this dark world Thy word shall be my guide,
Till in Thy glory I am satisfied.
For whom have I in heaven, or who can now
Be on this earth my trust, my joy, but Thou ?
What though my flesh, and heart, and life decay ;
God is my strength, my all-sufficient stay,
A portion that shall never fade away.
The base apostates who their God forsake,
Thy righteous vengeance shall at length o'ertake.
But be it mine, near Thee, my God, to dwell,
And, as I trust in Thee, of all Thy works to tell.

“ THY HANDS HAVE MADE ME AND FASHIONED
ME.”

Psalm cxix. 73, 64, 68, 124, 125, 171, 172.

THY hands have made and fashioned me :
I had my being, Lord ! from Thee.
Oh, teach Thy creature to fulfil
The law and purpose of Thy will.

Thy goodness clothes and fills the earth :
Each moment gives new mercies birth.
Thy richest gift, Thy grace bestow,
And let my soul Thy mercy know.

Lord ! Thou art good, and doest good ;
Giver of life, and health, and food.
Teach me Thy statutes, and impart
A wise and understanding heart.

In mercy with Thy servant deal :
Thy statutes and Thy grace reveal.
I am Thy servant : by that name,
To know thy blessed will I claim.

So shall my lips shew forth Thy praise,
When Thou hast taught me all Thy ways.
Others shall learn Thy word to bless,
For Thy commands are righteousness.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

"Neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets."—1 Sam. xxviii. 6.

O GOD, who didst thy will unfold
In wondrous modes to saints of old,
By dream, by oracle, or seer ;
Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear ?

What though no answering voice is heard ?
Thine Oracles, the written word,
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.

What though no more by dreams is shewn,
That future things to God are known ?
Enough the promises reveal :
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

Faith asks no signal from the skies,
To shew that prayers accepted rise :

Our Priest is in the Holy Place,
And answers from the Throne of Grace.

No need of prophets to inquire :
The Sun is risen ; the stars retire.
The Comforter is come, and sheds
His holy unction on our heads.

Lord ! with this grace our hearts inspire :
Answer our sacrifice by fire ;
And by thy mighty acts declare,
Thou art the God who heareth prayer.

COLLECT.

SINCE, gracious God ! apart from Thee,
We are but impotence,
Nor to Thyself can pleasing be
Till thou Thy grace dispense :
Grant us Thy Spirit as our guide,
Charge of our hearts to take,
And over all our thoughts preside,
For Christ our Saviour's sake.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

"A vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use."--2 Tim ii. 21.

OH how should those be clean, who bear
 The vessels of the Lord !
 How should those give themselves to prayer,
 Who minister His word !

Cleanse me, O Lord ! my head, my feet,
 And a pure heart induce ;
 That I may be a vessel meet
 For Thy most holy use.

Oh may the beamings of Thy grace,
 Reflected on my mien,
 When called a sinful world to face,
 Shew where my soul has been.

Then shall I not be greatly moved
 By envy or applause ;
 Content to be by Thee approved,
 And glorying in thy cause.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

“ Even as the Lord the Church.”— Eph. v. 29.

O GOD ! who didst an equal mate
For Adam of himself create,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,
That both might feel and love as one :
Make these Thy servants one in heart :
Whom Thou hast joined, let no man part.

Lord of the Church ! whose bleeding side
Gave life to thy redeemed Bride ;
Whose grace, through every member spread,
Joins the whole Body to its Head.
Oh, let thy love the model be
Of this their nuptial unity.

O Thou who once, a guest Divine,
Didst turn the water into wine !
Thy presence, not unsought, afford ;
Fill Thou their cup, and bless their board ;
And, while each heart Thy word obeys,
May all their joy be turned to praise.

Spirit of grace and holiness !
Who dost these vital frames possess,
As living temples ; which to stain,
Were God's own dwelling to profane :
May these Thy servants, honouring Thee,
Be kept in love and purity.

Now to the undivided Name
The Church adores, her rites proclaim,—
Sealed with the gift of Pentecost,—
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All praise be given : in every state,
Be soul and body consecrate.

VERSE.

Psalm iv. 8.

LIFT up, O God ! on our hearts
The light of Thy reconciled face.
Sweeter the bliss it imparts,
To feel the warm beams of Thy grace,
Than all their possessions to worldlings can yield,
The joy of the vintage, the wealth of the field.

COLLECT.

WITH Thy most gracious favour, Lord !
 Anticipate our need ;
 And Thy continual help afford,
 Our labours to succeed :
 That so our works, in Thee begun,
 Continued, ended in Thy fear,
 May all be to Thy glory done ;
 Till we, accepted in Thy Son,
 Before Thy face appear.

COLLECT.

O GOD ! who seest how, on every hand,
 Dangers and snares are strewed,
 So that we cannot always upright stand
 In fearless rectitude :
 Strengthen our spirits with thy heavenly might,
 All foes and ills to face ;
 And guard us through Temptation's life-long fight,
 Triumphant through Thy grace.

COLLECT.

Look down, O God ! with gracious eye,
On Thy redeemed Family,

For whom Our Lord was fain
To be betrayed, reviled, denied,
Stretched on the tree and crucified ;—

Who now doth live and reign
At Thy right hand, the Eternal Son,
With Thee and with the Spirit one,
World without end. Amen.

COLLECT.

“ Baptized into his death.”—Rom. vi. 3.

BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Who for our sins gave up His breath ;
Lord ! grant us grace from day to day,
Our baser tendencies to slay.
Entombed with Him, our risen Head,
May we to sin and sense be dead ;
And, passing through death's gate, the grave,
Our joyful resurrection have ;

Through Him who died, and buried lay,
And rose upon the appointed day,—
Thy Blessed Son, our glorious Lord ;
For ever be His name adored.

COLLECT.

“For all live unto Him.”—Luke xx. 38.

O God! to whom the happy dead
Still live, united to their Head,
Their Lord and ours the same :
For all Thy saints, to memory dear,
Departed in Thy faith and fear,
We bless Thy holy name.

By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow those who followed Thee,
As with them to partake
The free reward of heavenly bliss.
Merciful Father ! grant us this,
For our Redeemer's sake.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SACRED TO MEMORY.

I.

DEATH ! thou dark and dismal portal
To the joys of life immortal !
Let thy leaves, unfolding now,
One bright glimpse to faith allow,
Of that happy land afar,
Where redeemed spirits are :
That, as now the heavenly light
Parts the' ascending saint from sight,
Tears of joy alone be shed,—
Joy that blessed are the dead.

Where is Heaven ? Oh, whither go
Those who leave their dust below ?
Mortal man must die to know.
Fancy cannot climb so high :
Yet, to Stephen seemed it nigh.
One brief hour shall well suffice
For the flight to Paradise.

That dark day was well-nigh spent :
Ere it closed, the Penitent
Thither with his Saviour went.
No dark realm of shadowy space
Forms the spirit's resting place,
Which HE promised to prepare :
Many are the mansions there ;—
Ever filling as the skies
Open for new colonies :
Still enriching with the worth
Drawn from this impoverished earth.

Oh, the glorious multitude
That bright Hades must include !
All the old heroic dead,
Gathered round their glorious Head :
Saints of every age and clime,
From the infancy of time ;
Seers, apostles, martyrs, sages,
Those who, through the mist of ages,
Shine with undiminished fame,
Lamps of wisdom, souls of flame ;

And the meek, obscure, and lowly,
Whom the world despised as holy,
Through the Saviour's grace and might,
Victors, walk with him in white.
There, in Heaven's most wide embrace,
Myriads, too, of infant race,
Rudely snatched from earth that seemed,
Swell the hosts of the redeemed.
Though the sword that harvest reap,
Childless mother ! cease to weep :
Weep not for thy sinless dead ;
Rachel ! be thou comforted.
Parents, friends, have joined the throng ;
Nor shall we be parted long.
Some with us are tarrying here,
For whom, with whom, life is dear.
But the last will soon have fled,
And our home is with the dead.
Life is here in wandering spent ;
Earth our place of banishment ;
Virtue is but mortal strife ;
'Tis at death we come to life,—

Lay the shield and helmet down
For the palm, the wreathed crown ;
Death, the Christian's great reward !
Death, the presence of the Lord !

II.

Lo ! again our eyes behold
Those mysterious gates unfold,
And, dear Child ! the new-made tomb
Opens for thy youthful bloom.
Oh ! to track the spirit's flight !
Yes, though hid from grosser sight,
Faith can scale thy path of light,
Up the' aërial stair that beamed
On the Patriarch as he dreamed,
Still by angel footsteps trod,
To the sapphire throne of God.
—With what strange, unearthly dread,
Though by angel convoys led,
Upward must the spirit press,
Disembodied consciousness !
With what transport, awful, new,
Hasten towards that interview !

Who of Adam's sinful race
May endure his God to face ?
Though redeemed and sanctified,
Who that Living Light abide,
Which no mortal could sustain,
For which Moses asked in vain ?
How shall even immortal eye
Bear the' unclouded majesty ?

Lo ! the opening heavens disclose
ONE the raptured spirit knows,
Though unlike the form He wore,
When his people's sins He bore,
Yet by love's strong instinct known,
'Mid the glories of the Throne.
And those angel-pinions fleet
Lay their burden at His feet.
Raised by His redeeming hand,
Now that sainted one can stand,
Happy 'mid that happy band ;—
Led by Him, to God draw near,
Perfect love expelling fear.

Shame nor dread shall then alloy
That intense, exceeding joy.
Yes, that hour will heaven impart,
Lord ! to see Thee as Thou art ;
Changed by that transforming sight,
Kindling into love and light.

But what heavenly form shall dress
Then the' all-happy consciousness ?
Or in what bright vehicle
Shall the sainted spirit dwell,
Till the Grave, its mortal coil,
Mingling with the faithful soil,
Chemist exquisite, prepare
For heaven's everlasting wear ?
From the dust so springs the flower,
Sown in weakness, raised in power.
How the spirit shall be clad,
Whether in the shape she had,
Imaged in material lent
By some purer element ;—
By what fine, instinctive ken,
Spirit shall know spirit then,

Holding, in mysterious union,
Sweet, ineffable communion ;—
Matters not : enough is shown.
We shall know : we shall be known.

Not unsocial their employ,
Or the worship, or the joy,
Of the new-arrived in regions
Populous with blessed legions.
Soon the spirit feels her ties :
Tender thoughts to memory rise,
Unextinguished sympathies.
Happy in angelic care,
She has nearer kindred there,
And through every golden street,
Burns some dearer form to meet.
Is there one to whom on earth
Most she owed her second birth,—
One whose counsel, watching, prayers,
Sowed the seed which glory bears ;—
Friend still closer than a brother,—
Mother who was more than mother ;—

Surely to that mansion bright
Love will first direct her flight.
Oh the transports of that meeting,
Glad surprise, and rapturous greeting !
Those who last in sorrow parted ;
Some whom death found broken-hearted ;
Many a long-lost, rebel child,
Since brought home and reconciled ;
Friends of youth, too early lost ;
Some whose love the world had crossed ;
There they meet, no more to sever ;
Meet in bliss, and meet for ever !
Some remain as yet below,
Struggling in a world of woe ;
But their names are there enrolled
As belonging to the Fold :
Sweet the thought !—their places wait :
They will not arrive too late.

III.

Here had paused the venturous strain,
When those portals once again

Sudden turned with gentlest sound.
—Easy exit hast thou found,
Dearest Father! such thy prayer;
And what joyful entrance there!
Like a sheaf of ripened grain,
In the garner Thou art lain;
Full of years, thy locks of grey
Laurels of a well-spent day.
Grave! this venerable dust
Take into thy faithful trust.
Tears of joy alone be shed;
Blessed are the pious dead.
Thanks and praise to Thee we give,
Lord, to whom, with whom, they live!
Thanks for all thy servants dear
Who have, in thy faith and fear,
Hence departed! So may we,
Following those who followed Thee,
Join that holy company!
Onward, upward, let us press,
Tending to that blessedness;
Gathering round us, in our course,
By example's hallowed force,

All whom we can snatch, or win,
From the downward paths of sin :
Losing nothing, but to find,
When we leave this world behind,
More than earth at best could shew,
All we lost or loved below :—
Still, amid the race, the strife
Of this agonistic life,
Witnessed by the circle bright
Who have won their course to light,
Ever on the goal intent ;
Still on heaven our purpose bent,
Where our Leader, Saviour, Lord,
Holds the infinite reward.

Then, the course, the fight, achieved,
Oh, what joy, to be received,
Through that mercy we believed ;
And, death's gloomy portal past,—
(That grim foe shall be the last,—)
'Mid our glorious friends above,
Be all joy and praise and love.

FEAR NOT.

“Fear not.....I have the keys of the Grave and of death.”—Rev. i. 17, 18

Oh, cling not, Trembler, to life's fragile bark :

It fills—it soon must sink.

Look not below, where all is chill and dark :

'Tis agony to think

Of that wild waste ; but look, oh ! look above,

And see the outstretched arm of Love.

Cling not to this poor life : unlock thy clasp

Of fleeting, vapoury air.

The world receding soon will mock thy grasp ;

But let the wings of prayer

Take the blest breeze of Heaven, and upward flee,

And life from God shall enter thee.

Oh, fear not Him who walks the stormy wave :

'Tis not a spectre, but the Lord.

Trust thou in Him who overcame the Grave,

Who holds in captive ward

The powers of Hell. Heed not the monster grim ;
Nor fear to go through death to Him.

Look not so fondly back on this false Earth :
Let hope not linger here.

Say, would the worm forego its second birth,
Or the transition fear,
That gives it wings to try a world unknown,
Although it wakes and mounts alone ?

But thou art not alone : on either side
The portal, friends stand guard.
And the kind spirits wait thy course to guide.
Why, why should it be hard,
To trust our Maker with the soul He gave,
Or Him who died that soul to save ?

Into His hands commit thy trembling spirit,
Who gave His life for thine.
Guilty, fix all thy trust upon His merit :
To Him thy heart resign.

Oh, give Him love for love, and sweetly fall
Into His hands who is thy All.

EXTREME UNCTION.

OIL mixed with balm, by lordly prelate blest,

The juggling priest for fee administreth,

To lull the cheated conscience into rest,

To ease the heavy-grinding gates of death.

Oh wretched mummery! No oil, no balm,

But only blood the guilty mind can calm.

No priest but He who ministers above,

Can make the soul from all defilement pure :

No balm in Gilead like his dying love ;

No oil can work the wounded spirit's cure,

Like that rich chrism outpoured upon His head,

And, flowing thence, on all his members shed.

Thou God of Peace, who dost to every saint

That unction from the Holy One afford !

In that dread hour when flesh and spirit faint,

Upon my soul be that sweet influence poured,

To' embalm my spirit, strength of faith impart,

And be the seal and witness to my heart.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

A PARODY.

“VITAL spark of heavenly flame !”

Thou must quit this mortal frame.

Yet on Christ, thy life, relying,

Death is gain ; then fear not dying.

Soon shall cease this mortal strife,

And death be swallowed up of life.

Hark ! a voice from heaven has said,

“Blessed are the pious dead.”

Why should earth so fondly twine

Round this fainting heart of mine ?

Holy Spirit, Quickening Breath !

Be thou my spirit's life in death.

The world recedes :—Begone my fears !

Beyond the narrow stream appears

The City of Heaven's King.

Soon shall this chorus fill the sky :

O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?

O Death ! where is thy Sting ?

LIFE, MORTAL AND IMMORTAL.—FOUR SONNETS.

I.

“ Marvel not :—ye must be born again.”—John iii. 7.

THE human plant has life before its birth
 To conscious being. Then, a sentient flower,
 Slowly the germ puts forth each vital power.
 Not yet the man is formed, till Pain and Mirth
 Have waked the soul to all the things of earth,
 And Mind of Sense is born. Youth's fervid hour
 Is spent, ere Man attains the ample dower
 Of Reason. But ah ! what is reason worth,
 To him who lives in sin and dies in gloom ?
 Another birth the soul must undergo,
 Its noblest style of being to assume ;—
 Derived from One 'tis endless life to know,
 An immortality begun below,
 A life Divine, which oversteps the tomb.

II.

"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."

Matt. x. 28.

WHAT is the moral life? Of conscious power
 The brute partakes: he thinks, and feels, and knows.
 Say, is it mind or matter which thus shews
 Like reason? Yet, in common with the flower,
 Insect, or worm, the' enjoyment of his hour
 Of being is his all, and death its close.
 Not so the life that changes as it grows,
 Knowledge of good and ill its fearful dower;—
 The life of spirit, which is choice and will,
 And by its choice self-shaped, becoming what
 It loves and seeks,—essential good or ill;
 Its character foreshadowing its lot;
 A life which foes and tyrants cannot kill,—
 Which death, that slays the body, harmeth not.

III.

“Glory, and honour, and immortality.”—Rom. ii. 7.

How does the aspirant for earthly fame

Live in a future that shall never be,

(Instinctive pledge of immortality !)

Ascribing conscious being to a name,

Mere shadow thrown by that delusive flame

Which forms his sun ; wherein he seems to see

A fairer self, a nobler destiny.

How does this hope sustain and nerve his frame ?

No false mirage, no posthumous deceit,

Christian, invites thy onward, upward course.

Thee shall not death of thy reversion cheat,

Nor interrupt that life which has its source

In faith, and not on earth can be complete.

Up, slumberers, and take this heaven by force !

IV.

“Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.”—John vi. 12.

It is the sovereign voice of Nature's King,
 Echoed through all His works. The swift decay
 Inscribed on earth's magnificent array,
 For new perfection marks each fading thing.
 All changing forms to second being spring,
 By earth embalmed. The hues that pass away
 From golden-anthered flowers the soil repay ;
 Or insect worlds are ever on the wing,
 To catch the glorious spoil. All fragments seem,
 Transformed, or gathered up, with life to teem.
 Man only dies and renders no return.
 But nothing may be lost : his mouldering frame
 Shall give its fragments up,—ere empires burn,
 And triumph o'er the universal flame.

DEATH.

“By one man sin entered into the world, and death by Sin.”—Rom. v. 12.

“AND death by Sin,”—Sin the sole cause of Death.

Yet do not brutes and things unconscious die ?

The happy birds that spend in song their breath,

Bright insects, flowers, and all beneath the sky ?

They bloom or breathe, then change and disappear ;

But death they know not, fear not, need not fear.

Extinction is not death. Its fading leaves

The tree deplores not, nor resents its fall.

The insect feels no pang. No being grieves

To die, but conscious Man, who mourns for all.

But to the brute, his term of being spent,

Death is cessation, and not punishment.

Creative Opulence can well sustain

This waste and flow of reproductive life,

In wondrous scale ; and nothing lives in vain.

Oh ! had there been thro' Nature's ranks no strife,

No need to kill, no men or beasts of prey,
How gently forms of earth had turned to clay!

Then what is death? Is it life's tranquil close,
As stops the time-piece when the spring is spent,—
Sleep's "brother twin," the dreamless Grave's repose,
The debt of Nature? Oh can this be meant
By Sin's dire sentence? Whence hath Death its sting?
Or why the power and realm of death a King?

Man only, conscious of the doom he fears,
Survives, Death's captive, changed but not destroyed.
Torn from its shell, the spirit disappears,
Called by a summons it would fain avoid.
The humbled form commingles with the sod:
The naked spirit goes to meet its God.

Death! 'tis a fearful, yet a blessed thing;
A curse through Adam, yet through Christ a boon.
Glory to Him who drew the serpent's sting,
That we might trample on the Monster soon.
Man only dies: HE was made man, to save,
By suffering death and vanquishing the Grave.

Where is thy victory, Grave ? This body must
Be sown in weakness, to be raised in power.
Destroy this temple,—scatter wide its dust ;
Let flames consume this flesh, or worms devour ;
The germ is safe : it waits the call to rise.
The life from Christ imparted never dies.

INFANT SALVATION.

“ Death reigned over them that had not sinned.”—Rom. v. 14.

“ Their angels do always behold the face of my Father.”—Matt. xviii. 10.

DEATH—in the drear oppression
That marks his penal sway—
Death claims for his possession
Our infants as a prey :
Lost in the first transgression ;
But saved through intercession.

As by one fatal action,
Made subjects of his reign,
They through the dread contraction
Inherit sin's deep stain :

So did one great transaction
For them make satisfaction.

Ye stricken and bereaved,
Your dearer selves resign
To Him whose bosom heaved
With tenderness benign :
No heart hath yet conceived
Their joys for whom He grieved.

His one entire oblation
Did for all stain atone :
And He their presentation
Has made before the throne,—
Heirs of His great salvation ;
Fruits of His mediation.

Already breaks the gleaming
That marks the night far spent :
The herald star its beaming
Strikes through the firmament.
The earth with hope is teeming,
And waits for her redeeming.

Then shall each warm petition
 Its full response obtain,
 And love's bereft condition
 Be turned to endless gain ;
 The rich and full fruition
 Of the Incarnate Mission.

REASONS FOR LIFE.

“ To abide in the flesh is more needful.”—Phil. i. 24.

I WILL take refuge in my God
 From man, and sin, and woe.
 Fain would I drop this mortal clod,
 To know as angels know ;
 And love as angels love,
 And be as angels pure.
 It is all light, pure light above,—
 Bliss unalloyed and sure.

But shall I shun the sacred fight
 Which good maintains with ill ?
 No ; strong in my Redeemer's might,
 Be mine to wrestle still.

Here only, in this strife,
Can I his soldier be :
Here only spend or lose a life
For Him who died for me.

Nor would I too impatient pry
The awful veil within ;
Or scan the' appalling mystery
Of God-resisting sin.
Oh, let me be content
For Heaven's own light to stay.
The night, the night, is well-nigh spent :—
Ere long it will be day.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

“ Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance.”
Deut. xii. 9.

Oh, say not, think not in thy heart,
I here will take my rest.
Remember, thou a pilgrim art,
A sojourner confessed.

Think of thy dwelling as a tent.

Thy business is—advance.

But foes on robbing thee are bent,

Of thine inheritance.

Remember, then, thy heavenly birth :

Despise the worldling's frown ;

Nor let this meretricious earth

Beguile thee of thy crown.

Yield not to dull and slumberous ease,

The prize, thy life, at stake.

Repose is danger ; sleep, disease ;

And few that slumber wake.

'Tis immortality we seek,—

A free, yet rich reward.—

But sin is strong, and flesh is weak :

Increase our faith, O Lord !

COMFORT IN TROUBLE.

“For he doth not afflict willingly.”—Lam. iii, 33.

BLESSED be God ! He is not strict
Our follies to requite.
He doth not willingly afflict,
Or in our groans delight.

With long forbearance He endures
Those who His wrath defy ;
While to His saints the Cross secures
A glorious amnesty.

Despise not, then, His chastening,
Nor faint beneath His rod.
Errands of love our trials bring,
To lead us back to God.

Good Lord ! our doubts and murmurs chase,
That we may look above,
And, when Thy ways we cannot trace,
Still trust Thy covenant love.

BENEFICENCE.

“ Blessing ; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing.”—1 Pet. iii. 9.

WHY are springs enthroned so high,
Where the mountains kiss the sky?
'Tis that thence their streams may flow,
Fertilizing all below.

Why have clouds such lofty flight,
Basking in the golden light?
'Tis to send down genial showe
On this lower world of ours.

Why does God exalt the great?
'Tis that they may prop the State ;
So that toil its sweets may yield,
And the sower reap the field.

Riches, why doth He confer ?
That the rich may minister,

To the children of distress,
To the poor and fatherless.

Does He light a Newton's mind?
'Tis to shine on all mankind.
Does He give to Virtue birth?
'Tis the salt of this poor earth.

Reader, whosoe'er thou art,
What thy God has given, impart.
Hide it not within the ground:
Send the cup of blessing round.

Hast thou power? The weak defend.
Light? Give light: thy knowledge lend.
Rich? Remember Him who gave.
Free? Be brother to the slave.

Called a blessing to inherit,
Bless, and richer blessings merit.
Give, and more shall yet be given:
Love, and serve, and look for Heaven.

THE CLAIMS OF THE COLONIES.

⁴¹ "Make straight in the desert a highway for our God."—Isai. xl. 3.

CHURCHES of Christ, by God's right hand
Thick-planted in this favoured land !
If to your hearts His word be dear,
Oh, think of those who pine to hear,
Far from their native shores exiled,
A pastor's voice amid the wild.

Oh, let a voice of comfort bless
The lone and rugged wilderness.
Send faithful shepherds forth, to feed
The scattered wanderers in their need.
Straight paths for feeble knees prepare ;
And drooping hands sustain by prayer.

The heathen who in darkness lay,
Wake to the dawn of heavenly day :

But shall a worse than pagan night
O'ertake the race that dwelt in light ;
And Britain's God, to Britons thrown
On distant shores, become unknown ?

Great Shepherd of the ransomed seed !
For Thy dispersed ones we plead.
How shall these multitudes be fed ?
'Tis Thine to multiply the bread.
Richly hast Thou our wants supplied :
By us, for them, for all, provide.

THE SCEPTRE OF BRITAIN.

“ And all nations shall call you blessed, for ye shall be a delightful
land.”—Mal. iii. 12.

LAND of the Free indeed !

Whose glorious conquests own
Subjects of every creed,

Your Christian name is known
Where'er your martial trumpet rings :
Bid it proclaim the King of kings.

O Land whose wondrous reign
 Its peaceful sceptre bends,
From Eastern mount and main,
 To Earth's remotest ends !
Unsetting suns your empire bless :
Announce the Sun of Righteousness.

His throne is on your hills :
 All may draw near, and live.
His train your temple fills,
 The beams of grace to give.
Then bid the seraph-missions fly,
Touched by the living flames on high.

Your conquering standards claim
 Allegiance to your sway :
Extend it in His name
 Whom heavenly hosts obey.
O'er earth your banner is unfurled :
Then plant the Cross throughout the world.

THE CHORUS OF HEAVEN.

“And they sung as it were a new song before the throne.”—Rev. xiv. 3.

WHAT blissful harmonies above

In vocal thunders swell?

The perfecting of joy and love

What raptured legions tell?

The glorious apostolic band,—

Do they in triumph sing?

Do prophets from the Holy Land

Their inspiration bring?

Or from the noble army breaks

The deep, adoring strain,

Who won their way from fiery stakes,

And were for conscience slain?

Is it the patriarchal race

That breathe the sacred song?

Or to the heirs of gospel grace

Do the full choirs belong?

For each, for all, the Word is found

Almighty to atone.

All, all in shining hosts surround

The rainbow-cinctured throne.

Peoples, and languages, and tongues

The choral anthem raise :

To every voice and speech belongs

The work of heavenly praise.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the God of all creation :

Praise the Father's boundless love.

Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,

Priest and King enthroned above.

Praise the Fountain of salvation,

Him by whom our spirits live.

Undivided adoration

To the One Jehovah give.

THE EUCHARIST.

“Ye do shew the Lord’s death till he come.”—1 Cor. xi. 26.

EIGHTEEN centuries have fled
 Since our Saviour broke the bread,
 And this sacred feast ordained,
 Ever by His church retained.
 Those His body who discern,
 Thus shall meet till His return.

Through the Church’s long eclipse,
 When, from priest or pastor’s lips,
 Truth divine was never heard,—
 ’Mid the famine of the word,
 Still these symbols witness gave
 To His love who died to save.

All who bear the Saviour’s name,
 Here their common faith proclaim.
 Though diverse in tongue or rite,
 Here, one body, we unite ;

Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common Head.

Come, the blessed emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare.
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For His flesh is meat indeed.
Saviour! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are Thine.

MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST.

“ For she loved much.”—Luke vii. 47.

WHEN Mary to the Heavenly Guest
Her duteous offering made,
And, faith's allegiance to attest,
Her weeping homage paid ;
The heavy drops distinctly traced
On his untended feet,
Soon every stain of toil effaced,
And gave Him welcome meet.

She with her veil of folding hair
The broidered woof supplied,
And ministered with gentlest care
The rites his host denied.

Then on that more than regal head,
(Unseen its glory-crown,)
The broken alabaster shed
Its costly incense down.

More precious than her Indian nard
The homage it expressed,—
The humblest, holiest regard,
Her contrite tears confessed.

So would I bow, ascended King!
And Thy forgiveness move.
No worthy tribute can I bring:
Thou wilt the Giver prove.

So at Thy feet my faith shall live,
By love adoring led;
My heart its broken marble give,
But Thou the perfume shed.

THE HEALING TOUCH.

“ If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole.”—Matt. ix. 21.

Not Thy garment's hem alone,
My trembling faith would hold,
Though Divine compassion shone
Beneath its sacred fold.
Thou didst own her mute appeal,
Who besought Thy power to heal.

Earthly robes which Thou didst wear
Thy glories to enshroud,
Could remedial virtue bear,
To one amid the crowd.
More than mortal health I crave,
Now Thou art enthroned to save.

That bright raiment I would seek,
Dyed in the atoning flood,
Which can peace and pardon speak,—
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

Here my hope its refuge holds :
Hide me in its sheltering folds.

Mediating Priest above !

My languid spirit faints
For that suit of joy and love,
The righteousness of saints.
Great Redeemer ! clothe me in
Robes which Thou hast died to win.

FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

“ And the Sabbath drew on.”—Luke xxiii. 54.

THE hours of evening close :
Its lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath-dawn.
So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care ;
Nor thought for “ many things ” assail
The still retreat of prayer.

Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep ;
And safe from violence or fear,
Will fold His flock to sleep.
So may a holier light
Than earth's our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by His might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

“ EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE.”

Psalm cxxvii.

VAINLY to rear the sacred fane,
If the Lord build it not,
The builders toil. Watchful in vain,
The sentry guards the spot,
Unless that Eye which never sleeps,
The else unguarded city keeps.

Early and late, with ceaseless care,
Vainly for wealth you strive,—
Submit to hardship, coarsely fare ;
No enterprise can thrive
Without the blessing from above :
Sleep is the gift of Heavenly Love.

Are children thy desire ? The Lord
Those treasures too must give.
The fruit of love is His reward :
'Tis His prerogative,
With sons in all their youthful pride,
Weapons of strength, to arm Thy side.

Like arrows, such a progeny,
In hand of warrior skilled ;
And with those shafts thrice happy he
Who has his quiver filled,—
Swift on their Sire's behest to go,
And plead his cause against the foe.

THE REFUGE OF THE PERSECUTED.

Psalm xl.

IN Jehovah, my God, I confide :

Why then will ye urge me to fly,
As a bird to her covert, from danger to hide ?

“ Oh, flee to the mountains,” they cry :

“ For the bow of the wicked is bent,
And the arrow is ready to start :
He fits it in secret ; for thee it is meant :
It is aimed at the upright in heart.

“ When justice and honour have fled,
When laws are laid prostrate by force,
Oh, where can the righteous be safe ? ” they have said.

“ Oh, where have the injured resource ? ”

Jehovah, who dwelleth in light,
Discerns from his throne in the skies :
He searcheth the heart, and his judgments are right.
For a season the righteous He tries.

But wo to the' oppressor ! The Lord
In vengeance descends from above,
His foes to consume, but His saints to reward ;
And then shall they joy in His love.

SOLACE IN EVIL TIMES.

Psalm xii.

HELP, Lord ! our hope alone,
Of mortal helpers reft.
The pious dead we moan :
Few now the faithful left.
Man meets his friend with treacherous smile,
With hollow heart and lips of guile.

Wo to the lips of guile,
The false and boastful tongue ;
To all who seek by wile
And fraud to compass wrong !
“ Our lips,” they proudly say, “ are free :
Who shall presume our lord to be ? ”

God hears the poor man's sighs,
When by oppression bowed ;
And saith, " I will arise
To save him from the proud."
His promises are sure and tried,
Like silver seven times purified.
In these dark times, our trust
We still in God repose.
Thou wilt preserve the just,
And guard them from their foes.
What wonder, when the wicked sway,
That vice no longer shuns the day !

WAITING ON GOD.

Psalm lxii.

Yes, on God I still depend ;
Timely aid from Him attend.
His protection is my tower,
My retreat in danger's hour.
(Thus my heart is self-reproved.)
I shall not be greatly moved.

Oh, how long, with base intent,
Aimed against the innocent,
Will ye schemes of mischief cherish ?
Tremble, for ye all shall perish :
Like a weak and bowing wall,
Sudden, desperate, your fall.
For the wicked but concert
How the righteous to subvert :
Ill their flattering tongues conceal
That deep malice which they feel.

Wait, my soul, on God alone :
Wait for succour from His throne.
Hide beneath His name of power,
My defence and safety-tower.
With His guardian might surrounded,
I shall never be confounded.

God for my salvation came :
I will glory in His name.
Safe beneath His arm I dwell,
My strong-hold and citadel.

Trust in Him for evermore,
Ye His people ; freely pour
In His ear your sad complaints ;—
Sure the refuge of His saints.

Vain the help of man to court ;
Vain the fickle crowd's support ;
Vain on nobles to rely,—
Falsehood all, and treachery.
Weigh the rich and poor together,
Both are lighter than a feather.
Trust them not, nor trust in gain :
Fraud or force shall prove in vain.
Whether got by right or stealth,
Set not your fond heart on wealth.
More than once hath God made known,
Power belongs to Him alone.
Mercy too belongs to Thee !
Mercy joined with Equity.

ADMONITION TO RULERS.

Psalm lxxxii.

I.

AMID the council, in the judgement-hall,
 Where sit the gods of earth, dispensing fate,
 A Mightier ONE sits by, the Judge of all,
 The King of kings, the God of small and great.

How long shall outraged justice plead in vain,
 While prosperous villany evades the laws ?
 Oh, shield the' oppress'd, the orphan's right maintain,
 Protect the weak, defend the poor man's cause.

II.

Vain the appeal: they will not hear :
 They know not, will not understand.
 With darkened mind, and conscience sear,
 They still pursue their blind career,
 While groans the burdened land.
 The bonds of law have lost their force,
 And all things wander from their course.

III.

Gods have I called you,—for to you is lent
The godlike charge, a nation's government.
Earthly vicegerents of the Lord Most High !
The common doom awaits you—Ye must die.

IV.

Arise, O God, and make Thy justice known !
Rule Thou the earth : the earth is all Thine own ;
And let all nations bow before Thine awful throne.

COMPLAINT UNDER OPPRESSION.

Psalm cxxiii.

To THEE I raise mine anxious eyes,
O Thou who dwellest far above the skies !
Lo, as assiduous servants stand,
Watching their master's speaking hand ;
As maidens on their mistress bend
Their looks, and every sign attend ;
Even so, O God, we wait the sign
Of mercy from Thy hand divine.

Have mercy, mercy, Lord, on our distress !
Our souls are filled with bitterness ;
Drenched with the cup of scorn, and bowed
Beneath the' oppression of the proud,—
The heartless jeers of men elate
With wealth,—the insults of the great.

THE SECURITY OF THE CHURCH.

Psalm cxxv.

FIRM as the mount of God shall they abide,
Who in the Lord confide :
Zion, whose everlasting base,
Oh what can e'er displace ?
And as the guardian hills surround
Salem's thrice holy ground,
So doth God's circling presence shelter those
Who on His love repose ;
So will He evermore their souls from harm enclose.

Not long the tyrant's iron rod shall rest
Upon His saints oppressed;
Lest even the righteous that o'ergalling yoke
At length to crimes provoke.
But still the good and true in heart, the Lord
With goodness will reward :
While those who turn aside and dare rebel,
Must go where sinners dwell,
Their portion shame : — but peace shall be on
Israel.

“O COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD.”

Psalm xcv.

OH come, and let us sing unto the Lord :
Let us heartily rejoice
In the Rock of our salvation.
Come, bow before His face with glad accord,
And with joyous heart and voice
Pay your grateful adoration.

For lo ! our God is infinitely great.

In glory uncreate,

Above all powers of earth and heaven he reigns.

He laid the deep foundations of the earth :

He built the mountains, gave the ocean birth,

And spread the spacious plains.

Oh come, and let us worship at his throne,

Prostrate before Jehovah. He, our God,

Our Maker, hath redeemed us for His own,

Flock of His pasture, subjects of His rod.

To-day obey His voice. Thus saith the Lord :

Oh, be not of obdurate heart, like those,

Your fathers, at Meribah who rebelled,

And who at Massah, in the wilderness,

Tempted my power, though they had seen my works.

For forty years that race my anger moved.

I said : They are a race perverse of heart,

Who would not keep my ways. So, in my wrath,

I swear they should not enter to my rest.

VIATICUM.

Psalm cxxi.

SHALL *I* lift tow'ards the hills mine anxious eyes ?

Cometh my succour thence ?

No : He who built the hills and spread the skies,—

The Lord is my defence.

Safe their footsteps whom He keeps.

May the Eye that never sleeps,

On thy path benignant dwell !

He who guardeth Israel,

Nor the noontide slumber knows,

Nor the midnight's deep repose.

May Jehovah's care attend thee !

May the pillared cloud defend thee

From the fiery stroke of noon,

From the blight of the chill moon !

Go, secure from all alarm :

Foes nor fiends thy life shall harm.

God will still preserve thy soul ;
Guard thee to thy journey's goal ;
Safely to thy home restore ;
Bless and keep thee evermore.

RESTORATION FROM CAPTIVITY.

Psalm cxxvi.

OH, when the Lord restored us to our land,
How did deliverance seem
A bright, transporting dream !
We laughed for joy, in many a tuneful band.
The heathen cried—even they Thy hand perceived—
“ Great things for Zion has their God achieved.”

He *hath* wrought great things, wherefore we are glad.
Lord ! turn the captive train,
Like torrents after rain.

Let those reap joy, whose seed-time was most sad.
He who now sows in scarcity, and grieves,
Shall come home laden with his golden sheaves.

THE LAST NIGHT OF SLAVERY.

LET the floods clap their hands !

Let the mountains rejoice !

From our own native sands

Breathes the jubilant voice :

The sun that now sets on thy waves, Caribbee!

Shall gild with his rising *the Isles of the Free*.

Let the islands be glad,

For their King in his might,

Who his glory has clad

With a garment of light,

In the waters the beams of his chambers hath laid,

And in the great waters his pathway has made.

No more shall the deep

Lend its awe-stricken waves

In their caverns to steep

Its wild burden of slaves :

The Lord sitteth King ;—sitteth King on the flood.

He heard, and hath answered the voice of their blood.

Oh, what of the night ?
Doth the Crucifix bend ?*
When shall glimmer the light
This gross darkness to end ?
Deep in the Pacific has sunk the last gleam
That o'er the dark horrors of bondage might stream.

Brief, brief is the night
Of the tropical zone,
Ere a balance of light
Shall the darkness atone ;
And thus for black ages may brightness return,
Nor fail till the dawn of eternity burn.

The sunlight must glance
On our freedom-girt shore,
Ere its splendours advance
Their blest ransom to pour.
Our rivers and vales must reflect the *first* glow,
That captives shall, freed from captivity, know.

* The Southern Constellation, which appears to bend at midnight.

Now fades on our sphere
The last vigilant star :
From moorland and mere
Rolls the mist-cloud afar ;
And springs from the Levant a life-teeming ray,
To chase deeper shadows than midnight's away.

Dispel the blue haze,
Golden fountain of morn !
With meridian blaze
The wide ocean adorn !
The sunlight has touched thy glad shores, Caribbee !
And day *now* illumines *the Isles of the Free !*

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THE BENEDICTION.

Phil. iv. 7.

THE peace of God, transcending
All human comprehending,
Its secret joys afford ;
Your heart and mind defending,
In faith and love depending
On Jesus Christ our Lord.

“ HEIRS TOGETHER OF THE GRACE OF LIFE.”

1 Peter iii. 7.

WITH all my heart I love thee ;
 Not less thy love to me.
 Yet dare I say to thee,
 ONE Friend still ranks above thee.
 Yes, thou art all the nearer,
 For Him who yet is dearer.

And, pleased, the mutual feeling
 I heard by thee confessed,—
 “Thou dost not love me best :”
 Thy full heart so revealing,
 That I to Thee am nearer,
 Because Thy Lord is dearer.

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